

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Now that the smoke has cleared away it is evident that the real result of the elections in Ontario has been to obliterate the Patron and the P.P.A. parties, and to consolidate the Opposition under the Conservative leader. In the last Legislature Mr. Hardy had a clear majority of thirteen over the Conservatives and Independents combined; now he has but a majority of five over a compact Conservative opposition. In this country by-elections generally result in the election of Government supporters, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Hardy may meet Mr. Whitney in the House with a majority of ten or eleven. It is not impossible that the constituencies that are opened may declare for Mr. Whitney, in which case the Government would be overturned; but in this country by-elections do not overturn Governments. Our grain of politics is too coarse for that, and no doubt we may as well realize that Mr. Hardy is in office for four years; that his majority will be somewhat larger than at present, although not large enough to free him from uneasiness when he is confronted by the strongest Opposition that we have had for many years in Ontario.

The snuffing out of the Patron party is the most interesting result of the election, because not long ago that party threatened the peace of two Governments and was for a time really formidable. Joseph Haycock, the patron leader in the Legislature, was a useful member, and no doubt he and his party influenced legislation to a considerable extent, but his party might have lived longer if he had led his supporters into bolder enterprises. Third parties cannot hope to exist if they fail to hold public attention, and in the Legislature, the Patron party from first to last was singularly unobtrusive. Mr. Haycock appears to have held that the Patrons were in parliament to deserve Patron legislation from the Reform Government, rather than to demand and command it; that they were there not to embarrass the Government, but to persuade its policy and coax its inclinations. In this mild mission the Patrons may have won some success, but the programme was so utterly tame that the people lost interest in it, and the new party whose success in 1894 made the old parties stare, passed silently out of existence in 1898. The fate of this organization will probably save politicians from the annoyance of a third-party movement for at least ten years. By 1910, at the furthest, another such party may be expected to rise up, run its little course and peter out in the regular way. If Leader Haycock in the House had been violent; if he had waved his arms; if he had rushed about stamping and swearing and kicking over desks; if he had harangued Mr. Hardy on Friday, assaulted Mr. Whitney on Saturday and stormed Government



"THE READER."

FRANKLIN BROWNELL, R.C.A., OTTAWA.
Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

election of either, but the people cheered when it was announced that Mr. Dewar was beaten, and again when word came that Mr. Marter was beaten, and still again when it was given out that Mr. Dewar was really and finally beaten. The news was welcome either way.

Our regular correspondent in Washington, in addition to the letter which appears on another page of this issue in regard to the bluff that the Washington authorities are making against Canada and the C. P. R., writes also of the trouble with Spain. It seems to be the habit of the Washington statesmen to suppose that their antagonists hold only a few spot cards, while they hold bunches of aces or kings. In speaking of United States diplomacy one irresistibly thinks of poker; and as against Canada, so, too, against Spain the Republic appears to be risking much on a good stiff bluff. Our correspondent says that the fact that the commission of enquiry into the cause of the loss of the Maine has returned again to Havana, "leads to the supposition that the enquiry is invested with considerable difficulty. Indeed," he says, "sufficient has leaked out, in spite of most careful guarding, from men whose names are only whispered, to tend to the conclusion that the explosion of the ill-fated vessel came from an outside cause. But supposing this to be the case, it is not expected that Spain's responsibility will be more than a monetary one." Presumably, then, this intelligent and impartial commission will report that some crazy Spaniard stole out to the Maine in a rowboat and blew it up with a cracker. Our correspondent goes on to say: "There will be no war. Spain has too much at stake. Should carelessness be laid at the door of the Havana harbor officials the indemnity will be forthcoming." This is a very useful tip, and I do not doubt that it accurately outlines the finding that the commission will make. But it is not wise to count too confidently on the hope that "Spain has too much to lose" and will pay anything that the U. S. commission may choose to ask. When a buck is wounded and cornered he will fight desperately, and if Spain were called on to pay a big indemnity it would so cripple her that she could not hope to quell Cuba, which even now seems a task beyond her strength. If she is to lose Cuba at all she may prefer to sustain that loss through a war with an important nation rather than through a rebellion long-drawn-out. She may prefer to meet in open battle the nation that is even now at concealed war with her, feeding her troubles, exhausting her resources, exacting indemnities and what not. In continuing the present conditions there is only dishonor and defeat for Spain—in a short, swift flight on the sea there would be a chance for a show of spirit, and if Cuba is to be lost in any event it might better be ceded as a war indemnity than tamely relinquished. Spain possibly has little to lose in a war that she does not stand to lose anyhow, and it may be wide of the mark to suppose that the United States can get an indemnity of fifteen millions for the lost Maine and gather it in like so much found money.

If the commission reports that the war-ship was blown up by design and from without, how can Spain be exonerated from all but monetary consequences? One or two individuals could not have done the trick with a can of powder. Even a torpedo boat could not have done it. So far no torpedo boat has succeeded in doing more than tearing a hole in the bottom of a ship, letting in water and sinking her. There is no case on record of a torpedo having caused the explosion of a ship's magazine. It follows, then, that the only outside cause that could have produced the disaster would be a mine of tremendous power. The Spanish officials sent a pilot who anchored the Maine on the precise spot where she perished; if she was placed over a mine, who but the military officers caused her to be so placed, and who else could have sprung the mine? Spain has formally declared that there was no mine in that harbor, and if this statement is deliberately false, how can the United States sordidly ask for satisfaction in cash? It looks like a game of bluff to exact

the rights of the individual under the common law and is not, therefore, binding, it appears to mean that the city relieves the company and assumes liability for the evil. Until a big lawsuit settles several points it seems likely that the motto, "No seat, no fare," will get a lot of people into trouble, and the folly of the *News* is only redeemed by the heroism with which it offers up its own employees on the altar it has raised. Its policy, however, will at least provoke something of a tumult and force the hand of the City Council, which is greatly to be desired.

If Spain and the United States go to war there will scarcely be standing room in Muskoka this summer.

Toronto is supposed to be a good city, and perhaps there is no better place of its size anywhere, but that it is not half as good as it pretends to be is well known to those who peer beneath the surface. The reporters of the daily papers and the police officers know something of the real facts. Within the week a reliable business man has come to me with information—which is now also in possession of the police—of the most revolting character about houses in this city where young girls go in answer to advertisements for seamstresses, or to learn dressmaking, and if they are from the country or without friends are not seen again unless some time after on the streets of Buffalo. Particular cases as related to me were of a nature to make a man feel like starting out with a six-shooter, and it is reassuring to know that the police are vigilantly watching the imps who have been feeding the devil's fire.

There was at first some uncertainty as to how Mr. Evanturel and Mr. W. R. Beatty would go in view of the close election in Ontario last week. But the Government had a little majority—nothing to brag about, but as the man with the bad cough said to the corpse, "I guess you'd like to have it"—and gathered in the two doubtful members before they had time to look around. There is a story of an old negress who was giving evidence in a lawsuit about a hog that was killed by a locomotive. "Did you see the accident?" "Yes, I seed it." "Well, tell us in a few words how it happened," said the lawyer. "Well," said the negress, "hit just tooted and tuck 'im." In this country Governments seem to just toot and take doubtful members.

The inherent dishonesty of our politics was illustrated in the late campaign in the references made to Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir William Ralph Meredith. The Conservative stump-speakers were very ready to heap praise upon Sir Oliver Mowat now that he is no longer a party leader, while the Liberal speakers were quite as ready to praise Sir W. R. Meredith now that he is safely seated on the Bench. The desire of the rival politicians was not to do late justice to these men, but to belittle and injure their successors in the leadership of the two parties. The same spirit was also shown by certain Liberal papers throughout the province, which, ignoring all that had been said against Mr. O. A. Howland and Dr. Ryerson during their presence in the Legislature, did not hesitate, on their retirement, to praise them to the skies as the "only two brainy men

of the Conservative Opposition," whose defection left the party in a very bad way.

When Mr. Van Wyck was elected Mayor of Greater New York I ventured the opinion that he might agreeably disappoint everybody by freeing himself from servitude to Boss Croker. It was apparent on the face of it that Van Wyck's term of office being for the comfortable period of four years, he could profitably rid himself of Croker and boss things himself, which a man elected for one or two years could not very well do. There is reason to believe that Mayor Van Wyck has caught the idea and is no longer the obedient servant of Boss Croker. The New York papers state that the men have quarreled; that the Mayor prefers the advice of his friend, John F. Carroll, to that of Croker, and that some of the latter's best friends in office have been severely handled by the Mayor, who has been so unkind as to



"BRASS KETTLE."

MISS MUNTZ, A.R.C.A.

send auditors to inspect their accounts—an attention which they did not expect and are probably not prepared for. It is very likely that Mr. Croker will be deposed from his leadership before Mr. Van Wyck's term of office expires.

In a suit involving the premiums paid for insurance when the policy was made without the man's knowledge and paid for out of his funds, which came up at Osgoode Hall on Wednesday before Chief Justice Armour, Justice Street and Justice Falconbridge, it was ordered that the money be paid back. Chief Justice Armour said that the methods of some of the insurance companies doing business on the weekly payment plan with laboring people, reminded him of the practices "of the Moors in the neighborhood of Gibraltar." The Chief Justice went on to say that he had been informed by the agent of one such company that they had taken in \$100,000 in one year in five-cent pieces. This gives some idea of the extent of the operations carried on in insuring people who are quite unable to pay the premiums for more than a few months. There is so little risk assumed in many cases that medical examination may be waived.

In the Province of Quebec the architects have now secured by legislation the privileges for which they have contended in Ontario, and hereafter no person can set up in business as an architect without having had a technical education and a period of training in an office with a duly qualified master. This places architecture on a professional level with law and medicine in Quebec; and in Ontario the collapse of the London City Hall, the cave-in of a roof in Oshawa, and several other actual or threatened disasters which it is not advisable to publicly discuss, will enable the architects to make arguments before the Ontario Legislature that will, perhaps, conclusively show that this province must follow the example of Quebec. In Toronto we rest secure in the knowledge that we have a building inspector, and other cities and towns have similar officers, yet these men are not as a rule half as well posted as the architects. If a scientific training is of any use at all—and it is of the utmost use—surely the building inspector for Toronto should be a man who is competent to review and revise the work of any architect, testing it by every scientific principle. And throughout the country we find the town councils paying trifling fees to alleged experts to say that town halls are safe. It might be well, in view of the misgivings that are widespread, for the Ontario Government to send out a real expert to examine municipal public buildings throughout the province and condemn death-traps (if any exist) before they snap shut and crush multitudes of people.

The people of Ward Three, Toronto, have had elections enough in the past year without a little side fight for an aldermanic seat such as Mr. F. S. Spence has brought about by opposing Mr. R. J. Score. Ald. Score was unseated on the technicality that his resignation from the School Board had not been regularly put through before polling day. The person who pressed the point against him was a Mr. Gurofsky, a name that is bobbing up very gaily in the papers of late. Just why he felt a grievance



"HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRES. O.S.A."
E. WYLL GRIER, R.C.A.

House on Monday, he might have held public attention. But he preferred to be sane, and to pass out.

Could we not have a ballot on which there would be a space in which the elector could vote against both candidates? As it stands now the people have no means of expressing their dissatisfaction with the nominees of both parties, who—and the fact is notorious—are usually put up by three or four members of the respective machines. There were very few party conventions held in the province that did not find their work cut out and dried for them. In Toronto there are thousands of men who have nothing to do with the nominating conventions, nor have they any way whatever by which they can influence the bringing out of good candidates, but on election day they must vote for one of two men, although suited with neither. If I am to judge by the opinions of those electors of North Toronto whom I met during the campaign, then I must conclude that the great problem that confronted the people of that constituency was how they could defeat both Mr. Marter and Mr. Dewar. Rumor had it first that one was beaten and then that the other was beaten, and for a short but happy afternoon it seemed that the impossible purpose of the electors had been accomplished. There was no jubilation over the



"DUCKS."

T. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A.

angriest, unfriendliest, flightiest lawsuit that can be found in all the courts.

Under the agreement between the city and the company it is not easy to see how the *News* can urge men who have no money to waste in paying fines, to refuse to pay fares on street cars unless provided with seats. The company is authorized by the city to hang half as many people on straps as it carries on seats; and even if, as Mr. Du Vernet argued in his defence of Mr. Scroggie the other day, this contravenes



"SISTERS."

WILLIAM BRYMNER, R.C.A., MONTREAL.
Photographed from the original for the R. C. A. by the Carbon Studio.

that did not bother the rest of us has not yet been made plain. One thing, also, is certain, that the failure of Mr. Score's resignation to pass through the regular channels at the correct time gave Mr. F. S. Spence no cause of complaint, for he was a candidate in another ward and was beaten on his merits where he was best known. Messrs. Boustead, Raney and Webster, who were beaten at the polls by Mr. Score, are not opposing his re-election, and the cost and worry of to-day must be charged to Messrs. Gurofsky and Spence. Ward Three is the business ward of the city and Mr. Score is a business man, and the sign of his firm has hung on King street for over forty years. Mr.



Mr. F. S. Spence.

Spence has just carried his carpet-bag over from Ward Two in time for polling day. Sense and sentiment agree that Mr. Score should be retained in the seat to which the people elected him, and it is not likely that Mr. Spence and his invaders, armed with curling-tongs, will make much impression on the business ward.

MACK.

British Columbia Comment.

The last steamer from Wrangell carried a certain young lady who registered at Victoria's best hotel as Miss Elsie Oxley. This is the name she goes by in civilized circles. Along the Stikine and from Teslin to Glenora she is known as the Queen of Hootalinqua. Miss Oxley has had varied and peculiar experiences the past sixteen months, from all accounts. In October, 1896, she went to Juneau as assistant cook to the Treadwell miners at the munificent salary of one dollar and six bits per day. Life in this place soon became monotonous, and the first breeze from the Klondike fanned her adventurous spirit to fresh endeavors. Attaching herself as culinary artist and outfit repairer to a party of prospectors going towards Dawson City, she arrived in that center of the mining district early last summer. The excitement at Dawson was then at fever heat, buildings grew up in the night, fabulous prices were being paid and realized for all commodities, and the temptation to join in the giddy maelstrom was almost irresistible. But Miss Oxley and her friends did not lose their heads. After a week's residence they struck camp and directed their footsteps to the south. To make a long story short, the party reached the head waters of the Hootalinqua about the end of August, and immediately set to work to develop the claims they had staked. With an eye to possibilities Miss Oxley had, while in Dawson, quietly secured a miner's license for herself, and so after observing the *modus operandi* of her friends for a time, she induced them in a jocular manner to stake out a couple of claims for her in a place selected by herself.

This done, to their great disgust she threw up her contract as camp servant, donned corduroy breeches, rubber boots and coat, and started in to do some mining on her own hook. Her success was instantaneous and wonderful. Within a fortnight she had taken out three thousand dollars. By the completion of the month her pile amounted to something in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars, and she grew richer, more abundant every day. But the long nights and cold days were creeping over the land, and the Queen of Hootalinqua, as she came to be called, began to long for the warm air and sunny skies of her Southern home. About Christmas-time the representatives of an English syndicate came along, sized up her claims and offered her twelve thousand for them. They were easily worth five times the amount, but she snapped up the offer like a salmon takes the spoon. A year and a half of semi-Arctic coldness on the one hand and torture from mosquitoes and bad diet on the other had satisfied her completely, and when I asked her, as she was boarding a "Frisco" liner, if she intended returning to the North, she shook her curls decisively. "N't," she said; "I've enough to scrape along comfortably for the rest of my days, and that's all I'm looking for." "What about the marvelous stories of rich strikes?" I asked. "Is there any truth in them?" "No," replied the Queen; "five out of six are lies, pure and simple, and of the other portion, only the half is true." I looked rather doubtful, and then enquired, "What about your own fortune? Does the same thing apply?" "Ah," she said with a smile, "that is another story—*Au revoir!*"

In the sudden glow of excitement and prosperity all men are not moths. There are some pessimists who determinedly shut their eyes to all evidences of success, fold themselves about with a mantle of distrust, and refuse to join in the onward march of their fellows. Speaking with a business man the other day he expressed himself as very doubtful about the financial future of Vancouver. I looked surprised and referred to the fact of so many parcels of real estate having been sold during the past month or so, adding that three of these blocks had been secured as sites for branches of Eastern banks, institutions usually very conservative in their investments or purchases. He laughed sarcastically at this and remarked that after the Melbourne smash of ten years ago he had held a trunk full of bank certificates, which were of no more value to him than so much waste paper. I endeavored for a time to instill some of the general confidence into him, but it was useless. He couldn't or wouldn't see it, and his voice

sounded as mournful as a railway whistle on a rainy day.

There is a stamp of man who, once pinched, is forever cautious. Let him lay hands on any amount of capital and he will immediately dig a hole in the ground, place his money therein, and sit down for the rest of his days to protect it from the grasp of the public. Such men will in course of time stagnate in body and mind. Do not imitate them. As the heart to the human frame, so doth finance regulate the pulse beat of the world. Keep moving, lads, keep moving! You may make a false step occasionally. Never mind that; keep moving anyway. And if you are dissatisfied with present surroundings and in any doubt about the course you will take, you can do no better than follow the example of the heavenly orb which gives light and warmth to the earth. The sun moves west, ever west. Go thou and do likewise.

The shipping ports of British Columbia have been remarkably free from the many abuses existing in similar places throughout the world. Jack Tar has ever met with fair and honest treatment and protection from the traps and pitfalls cunningly laid by knavish and unscrupulous land-sharks. There have been cases, of course, where sailors have met with foul play, but these have been very rare exceptions. Of late, however, an evil has cropped up in regard to the dealings of ship's contractors and the sailor boys. The gold excitement is having its influence in this as in every other quarter. Ships arriving from across the waters find their complement of able-bodied seamen rapidly diminish. If it were possible the captains would keep their men under hatches all the time in harbor; this being out of the question, they pass, in consequence, many a sleepless night. But all their vigilance comes to naught eventually. Jack deserts and readily finds a corner to lay by until the opportunity comes to slip away.

In this pinch the captains or contractors have found it necessary to resort to the old-fashioned and gentle method of shanghaiing. This consists in having agents hang about the gin-shops and other resorts, where, attaching themselves to unsuspecting individuals, they strike up a warm friendship by virtue of unlimited treats. When the victim becomes sufficiently maudlin he is made to sign some paper the contents of which he knows nothing of, and on waking up he finds himself contracted for a voyage he had no idea of taking. If this mode is not effectual, a quantity of dope is administered, which promptly settles the business by sending the man off into the land of nod. In this condition he is smuggled aboard ship and kept in a state of unconsciousness until the craft heaves anchor. This is a malpractice which should be looked to, for the kidnappers are not always careful about the qualifications of the men upon whom they fasten their fangs, and very often press men into service who have as much idea about the handling of a ship or as much inclination for such a life as a cat has for swimming, and to this class of humanity the consequence of such treatment is sometimes prejudicial to bodily and mental health.

J. Vancouver, B.C., March 2, '98.

Society at the Capital.

THIS has been *par excellence* a week of dinners and luncheons. Scarcely a day has passed without one of these two delightful ways of entertaining being given, and every day one is reluctantly obliged to refuse some tempting invitation which the gods willed should have arrived after the note accepting a previous one had gone forth. Quite the largest and most important dinner-party of the week came off on Thursday evening of last week, at which the host and hostess were the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Edgar. The table looked charming, having a most attractive center-piece surrounded by dainty little art-glass bowls in which were bunches of lovely carnations. The guests included: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas, Hon. Mr. Tarte, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgewick, Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Lake, Mme. Casgrain of Quebec, Mr. Schreiber, Mrs. Allan of Toronto, Hon. Mr. Fisher, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Toronto, Mr. Gill, Mr. Jones, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Walter Cassels, Q.C., of Toronto, who spent the latter part of last week in town, the guest of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Cooper street.

Mme. Taschereau was the charming hostess at a bright little luncheon party given on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Cawthra of Toronto. A few of Mme. Taschereau's guests were: Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. William Macdonald, Mme. Girouard, Mrs. Sedgewick, Mrs. King, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. W. L. Heron, Mme. Panet, Miss Panet and Mrs. W. H. Davis.

Lord Ava, who has spent the last two months with their Excellencies at Rideau Hall, left on Monday for New York, from where he sailed on Wednesday. Two Ottawa passengers on the same steamer were Mrs. Avery and Miss Bessie Avery, who will spend some time in Scotland.

Hosts of people wended their way to picturesque Rideau Cottage, the new home of Major and Mrs. Denison of Toronto, on Monday afternoon. This charming abode has for long been without a tenant, the last to occupy it being Mr. Gordon of Elton and his popular wife.

The Misses David of Montreal are in town, the guests of Premier and Lady Laurier.

On Saturday evening Sir Louis and Lady Davies gave a large and most successful dinner party, covers being laid for thirty. Among those present were: Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas, Sir A. P. and Lady Caron, Hon. Mr. Mulock, Mrs. Mulock, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Hon. Mr. Edgar, Mrs. Edgar, Mr. Wood, M.P., Mrs. Wood, Mr. Dymont, M.P., Mrs. Dymont, Mr. Cowan, M.P., Mrs. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, Sir Henry Joli De Lotbiniere, and the Earl of Ava.

Mrs. Fielding was the hostess at a large and most successful At Home on Thursday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Fielding, charmingly gowned, received in the large drawing-room,

being assisted in her duties as hostess by her two pretty daughters. Throughout the afternoon, tea, ices, claret-cup, etc., were served in the dining-room. A few of the many present were: Lady Ritchie, the Misses Ritchie, Mr. Blair, Mrs. Blair, Miss Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Mr. Logan, M.P., Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Justice and Mme. Lavergne, Miss Lavergne, Mr. and Mrs. Miall, Miss Miall, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Toller, Mrs. Edgar, the Misses Edgar, Mrs. Cawthra of Toronto, Miss Cawthra, and hosts of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair gave a bright little dinner party on Wednesday evening, the guests including: Hon. Mr. Mulock, Mrs. Mulock, Col. Domville, M.P., Miss Domville, Mr. Logan, M.P., Mrs. Logan, Mr. Rutherford, M.P., Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgewick, Mr. Haley, M.P., Miss Haley.

Mrs. A. Z. Palmer was the charming hostess at a large and most successful At Home given in honor of her niece, Miss Violet Jones of Woodstock, Ont.

Much regret is felt over the departure for England this spring of Col. and Mrs. Lake. Col. Lake goes to join his regiment, which has been ordered to India.

Mrs. Allan of Moss Park, Toronto, who has been the guest of her brother, Mr. Collingwood Schrieber, since the opening of Parliament, returned home on Friday.

Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen was again the hostess of a most delightful skating party on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Irwin, wife of Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Cooper street, gave a most successful luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, to which the following were invited: Lady Hibbert Tupper, Mme. Lavergne, Mrs. Burn, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. King, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Scarth and Mrs. S. H. Fleming.

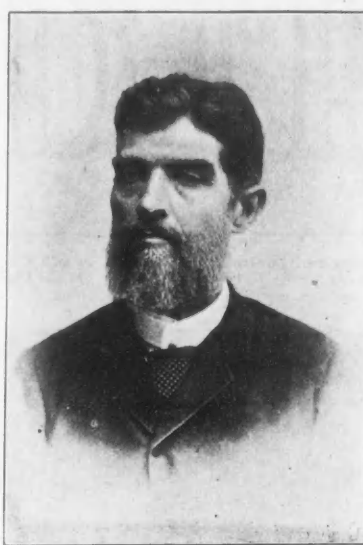
Was it the excitement of the general elections which caused me last week to confuse Mrs. John Cawthra with the present charming chataine of Yeodan Hall, Toronto? Let us put it down at that.

Ottawa, March 10.

Social and Personal.

Mid-Lent, always the quietest fortnight of the year, is upon us and society is almost asleep. Here and there a tea breaks the round of visits, a bride throws open the doors of her new home to swarms of callers, a dinner-party brightens up the evening gloom, and whilst we have always with us. The various whist clubs are flourishing this season, and the august membership list of each is too sacred and serious a thing to exploit in the giddy columns of social frivolities. You all know the whist club of your elders; there must be a widow or two in every whist club, a species of sedate mascot, not averse to a spicy story or a glass flavored with "Scotch"; and there have been discovered persons who love the royal game, and play it with a finesse and foresight that make one sure their sermons are never illogical; and the bachelor clubman is there, and every now and again some unregenerate and profane person starts a rumor of an engagement between the widow and the elderly clubman, which the two principals enjoy extremely, and deny with evident delight in the occasion for denial. There is a chaffy old professional man in some whist clubs who knows to a cent the income of all the widows of means, and advises them not to invest in mining-stock with much earnestness; and there are divers old maids in the whist clubs who are dignified or twittering as their natures run; and there are married couples who will never be partners at whist, for reasons best known to themselves. Here and there are inveterate men whist players who have rooms in clubs sacred to their own quartette, and who would sooner have their note protested than be caught revoking. Bank managers, and trusted secretaries, and judges, and other heavy weights are they. Besides feeds and whist in Lenten-tide, there are lectures upon all imaginable subjects, poets and novelists, health and food, religion and domestic economy in colleges and school-rooms and churches and private houses, and there are the Lenten clubs. The reading club, the musical club, the fancy-work club, the chess club, all spread out in unwonted leisure during Lent. The dressmaking club has its votaries also, who are hemming ruffles, concocting fetching stock-collars and fichus, and revelling in the silk sales and consequent dainty waists of stripe and flower and check. A cushion club has its innings, and the spring crop of cushions in linen and Japanese silk and denim and sateen are gotten in by the score to make rooms fresh and lovely for Easter. Golden yellow is this season's fad in the cushion club, and cords are to finish cushions in place of frills and lace, so says a Jarvis street dame authoritatively. Lent has long free afternoons for paying visits, and the ideal weather of this early March, so unusual here, has given no excuse for staying at home, consequently the soaring ambition of the busy society woman to have no long overdue calls upon her visiting-book when Passion week dawns, bids fair of realization. With all of this busy brain and finger work comes the spring lassitude inevitable after a winter's junketing, and people rush off for a few days here and there to springs and baths and sanitariums for recuperation.

In a week or so we shall be taken up with the Easter bonnet question, and after that the great dual event of the horse show and military tournament will prance gaily upon the scene. Already are some sumptuous gowns in preparation for this function, and it's amusing to hear some growls from obtuse male persons about the idea of making the horse show so much of a society event. That is just what it is all the same, and daddy takes a high-priced prominent box, not that he may see the horses better, but that mamma and the girls may hold up their end of the show in good style. That adoring Q. C. whose pretty wife is a walking picture of *chic* and dainty style, is not going to put wifely behind old Mrs. Matron with her homely group of marriageables; nor is the papa who planked down a cool thousand for hats and frocks for mamma and daughter, going to grudge his blooming parterre another little fifty for a fitting show-case! Nay verily, and so the pockets will be opened and the boxes bought, and society will spread its tail feathers and strut and smile, and the cost of strutting



The Ex-President of Brazil.

Prudente Jose de Moraes Barros, the subject of the above picture, was President of Brazil for the last term, his time having only expired last week. He was a man of unimpeachable character, but slow, inert, and entirely unfit to conduct the affairs of a nation so turbulent as Brazil. In appearance he resembled a tired-out schoolmaster, and during his *regime*, though the financial affairs of the nation had gone from bad to worse.

Not long ago an attempt was made to assassinate him, which resulted in the killing of his Minister of War. The retiring Vice-President was accused of instigating the attack, but could not be prosecuted until after the expiry of his term, as he pleaded the privileges and immunities of his office. Senor Moraes was a native of Santos, and the new President also comes from that influential and coffee-growing section of Brazil.

will pay the expenses of the show, which the male person says is really the thing we come to see. As if he knew!

On Saturday last, at a quiet suburban church, Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, second daughter of Mr. William Mackenzie, and Mr. Arthur Grantham of New York were married. This marriage was more or less of a surprise to everyone, as it was generally supposed the month of roses had been fixed upon as the earliest possible date for the ceremony, and many friends of the young people were anticipating a joyous celebration and an initial entertaining at Benvenuto of a most auspicious nature. The first wedding in the turretted mansion on the hill will, however, not be that of the young folks aforesaid, who, having been lovers for years, are now the very happiest couple under the sun down in Gotham. Mrs. Grantham was a most winning and lovable maiden, and gentle thoughts and affectionate wishes go with her from all who knew her. "Dear little Gertie" is already forgiven for having stolen a march upon those who would have so heartily wished her every good in life.

On Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt was fairly besieged with callers, a constant stream of ladies hurrying to congratulate the happy bride, and who were welcomed to her new home with a bright and winning cordiality most charming. Miss Bessie Macdonald assisted Mrs. Nesbitt, and the bride's sister, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, with Miss Worts and Miss Antoinette Plumb, took charge of the bride-cake and goodies in the tea-room. The drawing-room, spacious and beautifully done up for its fair mistress, was graced by Mrs. Nesbitt's tall and girlish figure in an effective frock of burnt orange place, with white guipure, the bridesmaid in attendance wearing white satin, with belt of nasturtium shades and golden-yellow revers. This springlike tint prevailed, the generous cushions reproducing it markedly. Mrs. Nesbitt's bridal home is beautified by quantities of exquisite fancy work and embroidery, which those who know Mrs. Beatty's talent for such affairs will have no hesitation in crediting to the affectionate mother, who felt nothing too much to do for her young daughter. The rich *cadeaux des nocces*, which evoked so much admiration from the wedding guests last month, are now arranged with instinctive taste and judgment, and the good wishes sent with them to the bride seem already to be more than fulfilled. Lovely weather was perhaps a small factor in the *raison d'être* of the unusually large crowd of visitors, but the popular young wife and her clever husband have friends in shoals who, sooner or later, would offer renewed good wishes. Mrs. Nesbitt receives on Mondays in future.

There is a rumor that Chestnut Park will be purchased by a well known business man with a charming wife and family. This grand old home has been too long closed up, and its reopening would be hailed with much pleasure by society.

I hear that Miss Margaret Houston will shortly be turning her steps Torontoward, where many friends will be delighted to see and hear her again.

Mr. Victor Cawthra and his *fides achates*, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, spent a few days at Preston Springs, stopping over Sunday.

SCALES

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ing before I had more than started."—*Washington Star*.

A WOMANLY WOMAN.

BY L. GALBRAITH.

[Copyrighted, 1898, by L. Galbraith.]

"Sorry to let you in for a ladies' game, after all, Jack, but my aunt has asked some girl to make a fourth, and I suppose we must do the civil and give her a set or two."

The curate glanced across the tennis lawn. "It is Miss Jenner," he said; "I don't think you need apologize. We shall not have to play down to her."

Dallas yawned. He had come down to Turton expecting to be bored. Provincial society always bored him. Hitherto he had contrived to combine pleasure with duty by paying his annual visit to his uncle while Sir Roger was staying at his Scotch shooting-box, or during the salmon season in Norway.

This year, however, circumstances had compelled him to sacrifice three weeks to the abnormal dullness of a country village, an affliction which was mitigated by the fact that Jack Taunton, his old college chum, happened to hold a curacy in the immediate neighborhood. Dallas was not a ladies' man. He regarded women as the necessary furniture of domestic life. They should also, he thought, be ornamental; on which score the superior sex could afford to condone their inherent silliness. But that women could be companions on equal ground with men, appeared to him a transcendent absurdity, and he was fiercely intolerant of any such assumption of equality, physical or mental.

He acknowledged his aunt's introduction to the girl who stood beside her with an air of bored civility.

"Miss Jenner had better play with you, Claude," Lady Dallas announced briskly, when everyone had shaken hands. "With Mr. Taunton and Mr. Willis against you, you will have a very even set."

"Very well," Dallas agreed indifferently. "Then perhaps we had better begin at once. I'm afraid," he said, as he walked across the court beside his partner, "we must resign ourselves to being hopelessly beaten."

"Why?" she asked cheerfully; "I am told you are a very good player."

Dallas handed her a couple of balls with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Willis and Taunton are both first-rate," he said; "I don't imagine I'm equal to the two of them."

Before the third game was called, Dallas discovered that his adversaries were doing their best, and that the sides were as evenly matched as the most tenacious player could desire. He was, moreover, unwittingly compelled to admit that Miss Jenner was equal to any, and superior to most, average masculine players.

Her overhand service was certain and extremely strong; she never got in her partner's way; she played with judgment and she kept cool.

He could not withhold a certain grudging admiration which he balanced by the reflection that tennis was probably her one strong point. She would talk and think of nothing else. Off the courts she would become that essential bore, the woman with a hobby.

But during the interval of tea Miss Jenner made no reference to the game.

Dallas, determined to have as little as possible to do with her, sat apart and smoked a cigarette, but the snatches of bright and general talk which reached him at intervals, revealed that the young woman was well up in all the topics of the day, and had at least a fair knowledge of current literature. He had expected her to be loud and awkward; but she sat in her low chair with easy grace, and her voice was pleasant and well modulated. Because she did not square with his preconceived theories concerning athletic girls, Dallas began to positively dislike Miss Jenner, and was really annoyed to hear her accept Lady Dallas' invitation to dine with them that evening. Why his aunt should have asked her, he could not imagine. They had been bored with the girl all the afternoon, surely they might have had the evening in peace!

Directly the third set was over she went away. Dallas had lost the hotly contested final game by a flagrant miss, and was visibly ruffled.

As he dressed for dinner, he soothed himself by picturing the awkward appearance Miss Jenner would present in an ill-fitting evening costume. He was sure she would dress badly, and her hands and throat would be unbearably red.

A country doctor's daughter! She would be full of vulgar local gossip, and would expect him to be interested in all the little-tattle of the village.

The arrival of the evening post gave him an excuse for delaying his descent to the drawing-room to the last minute.

The Vicar and his wife made up the party. Miss Jenner was standing on the hearthrug chatting with the clergyman and Sir Roger. Dallas looked eagerly for the imperfections he had anticipated, but they were conspicuous only by their absence.

The girl's tall, well developed figure was shown to advantage by her simple but admirably cut black gown. Her throat and arms were white, firm and rounded, and her abundant dark hair was becomingly dressed.

As she turned towards him with some trivial remark, Dallas was compelled to acknowledge her handsomeness.

He took her in to dinner and tried his best through the courses to find some reasonable ground of complaint, but it was not until the *entree* had gone around that the opportunity for which he sought presented itself.

The Vicar was referring to a case of assault reported at length in the morning papers. "It is infamous," he said warmly, "that these highway robberies should be treated so lightly. Exemplary sentences ought to be inflicted in every case of violence. If this sort of crime is allowed to increase at its present rate, it will become positively unsafe for young women to walk abroad alone."

"Unless they are like Mary here, and can take care of themselves," Sir Roger answered, smiling at Miss Jenner. "You wouldn't wait

for police assistance, would you, my dear? Has Claude heard of that little adventure? You should tell him about it."

"What was the adventure?" Dallas enquired, with the languid air of a man who feels obliged to ask a question on a totally uninteresting subject.

"It was nothing," she said, coloring; "only once I was foolishly carrying my purse in my hand, and a tramp tried to get it."

"Did he succeed?"

"He didn't, I am glad to say, for it contained my whole quarter's allowance."

"I suppose assistance came in the nick of time, as it does in penny novelettes. Did you shriek till the hero turned up?"

"I might have screamed if there had been anyone to hear," she answered frankly, "but Cutler's Lane is a lonely road, and there was no one within earshot."

"And what happened?"

"I put my purse in my pocket, and when the man tried to get hold of me, I—"

She looked down at her plate and then up again mischievously into Dallas's eyes—"I knocked him down."

Sir Roger roared.

"Yes," he said. "We had the gentleman up before the bench a week later for robbing hen-roosts, and he was still carrying a fine healthy black eye. He confided the story to Roberts, our constable, and his comments on Mary's hard hitting were as complimentary as they are unsuited for polite ears."

Dallas looked disgusted. "You have played tennis to some purpose, Miss Jenner," he said coldly.

"Oh, it isn't all tennis," she answered, with her frank smile. "One of my cousins taught me a little about scientific hitting. He showed me the positions and all that; and I have an old football slung from the ceiling, and practice on that every morning."

"Did your cousin recommend that as suitable training?"

"No, I saw it in J. L. Sullivan's book on sparring. He says anyone can keep their eye and hand in, that way."

"Really. And you devote so many hours a day to knocking this ball about?"

"Minutes," she corrected; "and only a few—fifteen times with each hand, and, of course, advance, retreat, and work around it. Really it is a splendid thing for developing one's muscles."

"That being, of course, so desirable in a woman," sneered Dallas.

The girl looked at him gravely. "You mean to be sarcastic," she said; "but surely every woman and every man should try to cultivate the best physique possible? Is not perfection of health and strength beauty?"

"I confess I have never looked on strength as a desirable quality in a woman. I am old-fashioned, and prefer a woman to be womanly."

"And what do you mean by a womanly woman?" she enquired.

Dallas was annoyed. "I hope it is not necessary for me to enlighten you on the essential qualities of your own sex. There are certain attributes we look for in a woman (the antitheses of those we require in a man), which this horrible 'new woman' movement seems bent on eliminating. But perhaps you sympathize with the latest phase of female emancipation?"

"If you mean that I approve of girls being trained physically and mentally to be real companions to their brothers and husbands, yes, most certainly I do."

"Then we must agree to differ, I'm afraid. No man wants a female companion. He has his man friends with whom to share his masculine pursuits and interests. He doesn't want to consult his wife on politics, or business, or sport. When he wants relaxation he likes to talk to a woman, as a woman. Of course, I know all the catch words of the modern craze, but this assumption of men's dress and habits, all this rot about higher education and equality of the sexes, is destroying the essential feminine charm. A girl goes to Girton, imitates the swagger of an undergraduate, smokes, drinks brandies and sodas, talks nonsense about sport, and brags about her muscular strength. She becomes loud and slangy and—well, I think disgusting, and what does it all amount to? Just talk! If any real strain is put on her strength, she breaks down, and I must be forgiven if I doubt her being any pluckier than the grandmother she despises."

There was a little pause. Then Miss Jenner asked quietly:

"Have you known many Girton girls?"

"No, thank Heaven, and I don't want to," said Dallas, shortly.

"I am afraid you must know one now," she responded meekly; "I am a Girton girl, Mr. Dallas, a fair average specimen, I think. We are not in the least like the description you have just given. Most of us are as well bred, better educated, and quite as refined as our grandmothers; for whom, by the way, we cherish a great respect. Those who can afford to do so, dress well; many are both pretty and charming. You seem to have collected your ideas of a Girton girl from the cheap press and the novels of ignorant and prejudiced writers; and on this point"—with emphasis—"I must confess, your opinion seems to me of very small value."

Then she rose to follow the ladies to the drawing-room, leaving Dallas with the unpleasant conviction that he had been thoroughly and deservedly snubbed. For the rest of the evening he avoided her and was slightly surprised by her apparent unconsciousness of the fact.

He was further destined to discover that she possessed a well trained contralto voice, and sang with taste and feeling. Later on she took a hand at whist, and as Dallas watched her judicious play and noted the fine lines of her shoulders, above the fan of cards in her hand, he was compelled to admit that Miss Jenner controverted all his theories concerning the modern girl, and it is to be feared that he liked her none the better on that account. But as if Fate took a malicious pleasure in thrusting her

on his notice, hardly a day passed on which Mary Jenner was not forcibly recalled to his memory. Now it was the Vicar who warmly eulogized her helpfulness in the parish; or the old groom, whose admiration of "Missie's" handling of a horse was only second to his gratitude for her unvarying kindness to his bedridden wife. If Dallas went around the estate with Sir Roger, he was sure to catch a glimpse of his aversion going in and out of the poorer cottages, or he had to listen to praises of her skill and generosity in times of sickness and trouble. Dallas listened with impatience and escaped as soon as possible.

"I am sick of her very name," he grumbled to himself; "everyone is mad about the girl. I wish to goodness they wouldn't bore me with her virtues. I hate strong-minded, muscular women, who are always managing other people's business."

If the girl had evinced any special interest in him, Dallas would instantly have stood on the defensive; but she never manifested the smallest desire to attract his attention. When they met she was pleasant and civil; if he absented himself, she never appeared to miss him.

Her serene indifference piqued the young man. He became less unapproachable. He no longer avoided Mary; by degrees he even fell into the habit of coming in to tea on afternoons when he knew she was visiting his aunt, and of walking home with her when he met her in the village. Before a fortnight was gone, Dallas began to think a sensible girl might in the long run prove better company than a pretty fool; but he still clung to his ideal of womanliness, and chose to consider Miss Jenner's strength of wrist, and untiring powers as a pedestrian detracted from her feminine charm.

On this point they not unfrequently quarreled.

"A man doesn't want a girl to be strong and self-reliant," Dallas would argue. "A real woman ought to be gentle and dependent. It is the man's place to protect, hers to be protected."

"But if she has no man to protect her?" Mary objected.

But Dallas had no sympathy with the lonely ones of the earth. If a woman could not find a man to protect her, she was not worth considering. Before his visit ended, Sir Roger was called away to town on business which would detain him overnight, and Dallas went so far as to suggest that his aunt should invite Mary to dine with them.

It was a pleasant dinner, for the two young people were in excellent spirits, and Dallas was not long before he rejoined the ladies. He found his aunt drowsing in her favorite chair, with the Persian cat comfortably ensconced in her lap. Miss Jenner was standing at the window.

"Isn't it a glorious night!" she said enviously. "Did you ever see such moonlight? It seems almost wicked to stay indoors and waste so much loveliness."

"Come out and look at it then," said Dallas, unbolting the French window. "It is as light as day, and not a bit cold."

They went across the lawn and walked up and down in the shadow of the great trees. Little by little, the silence and mystery of night laid its spell upon them. Their light talk flagged and grew intermittent. Dallas began to wonder if by any chance he was growing sentimental.

"It reminds me of The Merchant of Venice," Mary said softly. "It is the only play of Shakespeare's I have ever seen, and moonlight always brings it back to me."

"On such a night," Dallas quoted, "did . . . They had reached the edge of the grass, and he was turning to resume his walk, when the girl laid a restraining hand on his arm."

"There is . . . someone in Sir Roger's dressing-room," she said. "I saw a man's head reflected on the blind."

"Brown, most likely," he answered easily. "I don't think so; besides, all the servants will be at supper now. There it is again, and he has a cap on."

"By Jove, that looks queer," said Dallas, staring at the oblong patch of light between the trees. "I believe the window is open," he added quickly.

Mary gathered up her skirt under her arm. "Come across the lawn," she said. "We can see the whole window clearly from the long walk to the shrubbery."

They ran lightly over the grass and turned the clump of Deodaras which separated the lawn from the broad path leading to the shrub berries.

"There's a ladder up," Dallas whispered; "something is wrong. Look here, will you go back to the house the way we came, and give an alarm! I'll stay here and stop the chap if he tries to come down."

"But," she answered under her breath, "there may be more than one."

They listened. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night.

Dallas moved cautiously forward, keeping a sharp lookout to right and left.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked. "Take the ladder down as soon as I've seen you across the lawn."

Hardly were the words past his lips than a distant sound of knocking was followed by a woman's scream. The next moment the window was flung up and a man came down the ladder like a flash of lightning.

As he touched the ground he caught sight of Dallas, who was close upon him, and doubling like a hare he leaped a couple of flower-beds and ran for the shrubberies. At the same instant Miss Jenner's voice rang out clear and strong.

"Help! Here," she cried. "Brown, some of you, come at once. He's gone to the shrubbery."

Dallas had lost ground by the fugitive's tactics, but he followed hard on his track, plunging through shrubs and across beds, with the dark figure well in sight.

He had the advantage of knowing his ground, which the burglar evidently did not, for he had diverged from the direct line, and headed up a side walk leading to the rose garden, where four six-foot holly hedges must inevitably bring him to bay.

He was a big man, and ran heavily, while Dallas, who had taken a good place in athletics at Oxford, covered the ground with an even stride that momentarily reduced the distance between them.

"If you don't see the tea you want, ASK FOR IT."

Some dealers keep it in the background, and try to push substitutes, because they leave them big profits.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

is of such supreme value that the profit to the grocer is less than on poorer teas. Sealed Lead Packets Only. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

The rose garden was approached by a trellised tunnel, a six-foot block of black shadow between two stretches of brilliant moonlight. As the flying form vanished in the darkness, there was a flash, a sharp report, and Dallas felt the rush of cleft air against his cheek as a bullet whistled past.

The blood tingled to his finger tips as he dashed on.

Seeing his aim was ineffectual, the burglar had continued his flight, but the hedges of the rose-garden held him like a rat in a trap, and Dallas was hard on his heels.

From behind came a warning cry, "Mind the—!" The final word was lost, for as he closed with his quarry, Dallas felt the wires of a trained rose-bed catch around his ankles. There was a muttered oath, a sharp struggle, and the two men came together to the ground, Dallas with his left hand doubled useless under him, with a broken wrist.

Instinctively he knew he was fighting for his life now. The powerful body under him writhed, twisted and rolled over.

The man was making frantic efforts to free his right arm; with his left hand he got his assailant by the throat, and another second must have ended the unequal contest, when even as Dallas felt the fierce grip on his neck and knew that he was over-powered, the burglar's arm was pinned from behind, and Mary Jenner, wrenching the revolver from his grasp, brought the butt end down on his head with her full strength. Then, by main force, she dragged the half-stunned man off Dallas, and kneeling on his chest, held the muzzle of the "bull dog" against his temple.

Half an hour later the burglar had been securely locked up in charge of the village constable, and Dallas, a trifle dazed and shaky, was in the capable hands of Dr. Jenner.

"There," said the surgeon cheerfully, as he adjusted the final bandage, "you keep quiet and you'll do nicely. I will send you a draught back by one of the men, something to make you sleep, and you'd better go to bed at once. I must see Lady Dallas before I go. I'm afraid the fright has upset her a little. Good-night, I shall look in first thing in the morning."

As soon as the door had closed on the doctor, Dallas got up.

"Just fasten my waistcoat and slip that jacket over my shoulders, Brown. I want to see Miss Jenner before she goes."

He went downstairs to the drawing-room. Mary was alone. She stood in the middle of the room, in her hat and cloak, waiting for her father. Her face was very pale, and Dallas saw she had been crying.

He remembered that it had been Mary who had sent for the doctor, given all the necessary instructions to the frightened servants, reassured Lady Dallas, and attended to his own injuries until her father could take them in hand. She had not cried so long as anything remained to be done.

When he entered the room she gave a little cry of remembrance.

"I am sure you ought not to have come down," she expostulated. "Father said you were to keep quiet."

"I'm all right," Dallas answered. "You didn't think I should let you go without—without so much as saying good-night. Miss Jenner, do you know that you saved my life?"

She turned away her head and said nothing. "I should like to thank you," Dallas went on, "but I don't know how to put it into words. I wouldn't have believed any girl could show such pluck and such strength. When you lit—"

UP-TO-DATE . . .

Pianos

Some musical instruments—a good violin for instance—improve with age and use. A Stradivarius is none the worse of being old, but there is little new in Violin making, whilst in Piano making there is something new every year, hence the point is plain—buy a piano that is up to date as well as one that improves with age and use.

Among Pianos the GERHARD HEINTZMAN is up-to-date, and improves with years of use.

Ten, fifteen and twenty year old Pianos made by Gerhard Heintzman command big prices at auction or private sale, whilst the Gerhard Heintzman Piano of to-day is pre-eminently the most perfect exponent of the Canadian Piano maker's art.

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Dallas gazed at her perplexedly, finding himself confronted by a side of her character for which he was wholly unprepared.

For he was accustomed to classify women on the strength of certain strongly marked traits, and mentally to pigeon-hole them, labelled "good," "bad," "gentle," "hard." He had not then learned that every woman embodies in her own person the salient qualities of half-a-dozen types, and is therefore full of seeming inconsistencies, so that the coldest can be tender, and the gentlest cruel, on occasions. For a full minute there was silence. Then Dallas said in an odd, restrained voice:

"Shall I tell you what I think? When I remember that it was touch and go with me to-night, that if you had been the sort of woman I called womanly, weak and timid and all that, if you had not had the strength of a man and the heart of a lion, I should be dead now, I think—I think what a fool I've been. But," he came a step nearer and slipped his uninjured arm around her waist, "it's never too late to mend. I may learn wisdom yet, if you will teach me—Mary."

And later on she did.

[THE END.]
Next Week—THE SONG AND ITS SINGER, By J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY.

Stammering is Universal.

SAYS A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY.

THE following extract taken from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. S. T. Church before the students of Church's Auto-Voice Institute, London, England (recently re-opened in Toronto), and subsequently published in the English Prospect of that institution, lends a new and intensely interesting feature to the subject of stammering.

"Viewed from a liberal standpoint, the condition—Stammering—is not confined to the narrow limit of speech impediment in its manifestation.

"Stammering embraces the whole area of human action, in the home, the wider precincts of business, professional and religious activity, the social circle, the community and the state. Its illimitable phases embrace all classes of individuals from the humblest mental to the highest dignitary in the realm. None of these may be afflicted with speech impediment, but still may demonstrate the condition—stammering—resulting in disruption and disaster, in exact proportion to their relation to, and the influence they have right to wield over their respective surroundings.

"It is not the intention to infer that acts under this interpretation of Stammering are necessarily sinful in character. An individual or a number of persons collectively may be unconscious of committing an error, although conscious of its subsequent pernicious effects, or they may be fully conscious of an error about to be enacted, but apparently powerless to avoid it.

"The housemaid may, through conscious fear, release her hold of the choicest bit of china contained in the household, and without power to avoid the consequences that are certain to follow.

"Again, identical results may be evidenced through the unconscious yielding on the part of the individual to a momentary attraction. The same calamity may be experienced through a willful and determined design to destroy.

"In the two former instances, evil intent cannot be imputed. In the latter it is apparent, and deprives the individual of all right to claim justification on the ground of having stammered.

"After the same fashion the huntsman may sacrifice the life of his friend, the engineer subject to peril the passengers entrusted to his care, the accountant misrepresent the totals in his employer's ledger, the skilled pianist strike the discordant note, the statesman give his assent to the enactment of inequitable laws, the press libel the innocent, the pilot sink the majestic craft, the artist ruin his favorite sketch, the guard allow the prisoner to escape, the general suffer defeat, the monarch misrule his subjects, the litterateur pen thoughts saturated with moral poison, the poet sing songs of doubtful sentiment, the tottering child stumble over the slightest obstacle in its path, the clergyman misguide his flock, the physician make the wrong diagnosis or administer the fatal draught, the barrister impose an injustice upon an opposing client, the judge err in his decision, the merchant short in weights and measurement, the home rendered else but a hallowed spot in childhood's hour and a sweet resting place in advancing years, the community thrown into a whirlpool of disintegration and the state hopelessly plunged into an uproar of internal eruption and disquietude, endangering the peace, prosperity and well-being of the nation.

"So far as these acts are not consummated with conscious evil intent, they may be legitimately classed as manifestations of the condition—Stammering.

"It may readily be seen that absence of self-control in the acts of the individual, community or nation, consciously or unconsciously, but without design to impair material and moral interests is analogous with Stammering in the broader sense.

"A question so replete with possibilities of discussion might easily provoke exhaustive treatment, did not time offer formidable objection. Enough has been said to define the dissimilarity of Stammering on the one hand to that of willful error on the other, however similar in effect. After a partial canvass of the wider aspect it is not difficult to conclude, that speech impediment is but one of the many phases of what is generally accepted as a subject restricted to defective utterance."

Its Cause and Cure.

Cold weather, shivering, no heat to sustain, emaciated, because ill-nourished. This is either because the starches foods are improperly acted upon by the digestive juices or the oily constituents of the food are not assimilated. Cod Liver Oil combined with Maltine supplies this deficiency, for the oil, rendered palatable and easy of digestion, is at once assimilated and stored up in the form of adipose tissue. Besides this the maltine renders soluble the starches foods—whose special function is to supply heat or fatty tissue—thus affording material necessary to supply the waste of the body. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil is at once a food, body builder and medicine, incomparably superior to any preparation for the consumptive or debilitated. Verify this by a trial.

The Other Fellow's Sister.

S. W. in San Francisco Town Talk.

"A SISTER never leads a wholly independent existence. There is always a doubt, if her brothers be of age and eligibility, whether her girl friends like her for herself or because she is a sister."

They were walking down the avenue, afternoon service at St. Luke's over, and as he pinned in his button-hole the violets she had given him, he asked with a smile:

"Have you worked this problem out from your own experience?"

It scarcely seemed so, for, though not in her first season, she was a very pretty girl and with a smartly frocked and graceful figure.

"Of course," she answered. "The only girl in a family of seven, with four brothers ranging in age from merest juvenility to a bachelor of ten years my senior, I am certainly competent to judge whereof I speak. I remember when I was a mere tot of a girl there were two pretty young women lived across the street from us. They apparently took an enormous fancy to me and used to call me to them when I was playing in front of our house, deluging me with caresses and gifts of confectionery. Though at that time I did not doubt the disinterestedness of their affection, at this day I am able to look back and see flaws in its genuineness."

She paused for breath, but, as they stopped to let the car pass, resumed vehemently:

"For Jack was sixteen then, a great, strapping college boy, going in for athletics of all kinds. He was handsome enough to turn the heart of any impressionable girl 'fresh from a ladies' seminary,' and he must have made a serious hole in the hearts of those girls across the street. One day I had been invited to an afternoon tea with my 'grown-up' friends. It rained in the evening and they had insisted upon taking me home. I was invested in a mackintosh several sizes too large for me and a pair of rubbers that seemed like boots on my childish feet. We had just reached the door-step when Jack appeared, armed with my own mackintosh and rubbers. So we had to go into the house again, while I changed wrappings. By Jack's desire, I introduced him formally to my pretty young women friends. Now I understand they had attained the summit of their wish; then, I thought it very unkind of Jack to put in his appearance and prevent my wading through the puddles in those fascinating roomy rubbers."

"This was the beginning of a steady intimacy between the girls across the street and my student brother, incidentally a neglect of myself."

"But naturally that did not affect you," said her companion. "At least, in my experience children soon make other friendships. However, that one affair could not have converted you into a cynic."

"No; and it was when I was about sixteen that I discovered the advantage of being sister to a number of interesting brothers. What loads of bosom friends I had! What successions of callers, the mystic evening hour succeeding dinner proving the favorite time for my visitors' presence. They used to stay until dark and then naturally the services of the boys were called into requisition as escorts home. Then I received so many invitations to picnics and parties—'we want your brother Jack (or Tom, or Dick) to come, sure,' would be the invariable postscript. No club for tennis, dancing, wheeling or boating could possibly be a success without me in the membership list and, of course, one or more of my brothers."

"That was rather jolly, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, awfully so, but by and by the disadvantages of being a sister began to become apparent. As the other girls' brothers and the boys who had no sisters always knew I was sure to be at the parties and picnics with one of my brothers as escort, they got out of the habit of asking me to go with them. This meant that I had to buy my own flowers usually for the evening, as brothers are rather thoughtless about these minor attentions to their own sisters, don't you think?"

"Then Jack married, and first Tom, then Dick, became engaged. I was hoping for a heavenly time now, a series of triumphs in the character of an independent female, when lo and behold! It was brought to my notice that Harry was growing up! Harry, the baby, the precocious youngster in knickerbockers, had emerged from the chrysalis and now appeared in the character of a tall youth with a fondness for smart clothes—and girls! It was a cruel blow!"

They were quite to the top of the hill now and only a block away was her destination, but she was determined to finish and she begged him to walk a trifle slower.

"You're frightfully bored, I know," she said with an exceedingly winning look in her brown eyes, "but you don't know how delightful it is to find some one in whom you can confide."

"Delightful," he echoed. "It is I who find it so. Let us take a turn around the block."

"Now I became the idol, the confidante, the sympathizing friend, of the girls of the younger set," she resumed. "Harry's sister is such a lovely girl," they said. I began to be thankful there were no smaller brothers in the nursery, else I would have been old and gray before my life as a sister would come to an end. A sister in society is of use only as a medium of approach to the brother or brothers she represents."

"And what of the brothers?" he asked. She had evidently finished her confidences and was gazing pensively at the blue waters of the bay, with the fort beyond.

"The brothers! Well, if it were not for the brothers who like me as Harry's sister, I should long ago have gone into a convent."

"A heartless cynic, self-confessed."

"That is it. But the brothers are so nice—I'll take my prayer-book, now; thank you very much."

The Zola Trail.
London Truth.

Dreyfus Day by Day, the new piece which is the sensation of the moment in Paris, recalls the best period of opera bouffe. I venture to reproduce one inimitable scene:

Maitre Labori—M. le President, I am not a naturalized Frenchman, of German origin, who has married an English Jewess.

The President—You are not! Then you are

my long lost brother.

Here the spectators climbed on to the benches and broke forth into vociferous cheering.

Expert in Handwriting—No; I have not seen the *bordereaux*, but I have spilt my blood on the battle-field; therefore, I pronounce Dreyfus to be a traitor.

This statement created a deep impression, and an officer promptly struck a harrister across the face with a cane. The commotion having been subdued, addressing Maitre Labori, the President said:

"Put your questions. They will not be answered. There is something superior to justice: it is the army."

Cries of "Vivent les Generaux," "Vive les Bordereaux," and "A l'eau" with everything else.

The Court rose amid lively agitation, and a military band outside played *Le Petit Bleu Polka*. The trial is making rapid progress.

Florida on Wheels.

An official car, built of Florida's most beautiful woods and filled with the products of that State, is on exhibition at the foot of Yonge street, Toronto, all this week. It is open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and those who have not visited it should do so to-day. Coming from the Land of Flowers a visit to it is a treat. It may be added that the Florida Headquarters in this city are at 15 Toronto street, J. R. Walker & Co.

His Salary.

The Washington Post tells of a bright boy, one of the pages in the Senate at Washington, who was at one of the Senate entrances when a lady approached with a visiting-card in her hand.

"Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said.

"I cannot," replied the boy; "all cards must be taken to the east lobby."

The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket-book she found a twenty-five-cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy.

"Here, my lad," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in."

"Madam," said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out."

Mattie—What has become of your anti-slang society that you took so much interest in a few months ago? Helen—Oh, it's in the *consumme*; the president got nutty and imagined she was the only dent in the pan, so we gave her the willies and the dinkydink association shot the chutes.—Chicago News.

How Honest Testimony Tells.

Confirmatory Evidence of the Cure of Mr Andrew Aiton's Little Daughter.

HARTLAND, N.B., March 10th, 1897. EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont. GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Andrew Aiton received a letter to-day signed by Ed. Bracken, Kinneer's Mill, P.Q., asking if his daughter, Grace Ella Aiton, was actually cured by using Chase's Ointment. Mr. Aiton signed the following—I do hereby certify that my daughter, Grace Ella, was actually cured of Eczema by using four boxes of Chase's Ointment.

(Signed) A. AITON. I also, Wm. E. Thistle, druggist, do hereby certify that I sold Andrew Aiton the four boxes of Chase's Ointment which cured his daughter, Grace Ella, of Eczema.

Yours truly, W. E. THISTLE. N.B.—We ask correspondence on the above letter and will pay \$500 if the cure is not genuine. Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema.

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

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Arctic Exploration Expeditions

of the past ten years, and for the campaigns of the British Army in Africa and Asia during the same period.

That Hour of Dread.

A woman, whose letter I am about to lay before you, says that in an illness some years ago she would occasionally wake in the night with a feeling of suffocation.

The writer has, in his life, had perhaps five experiences of that kind from the same cause. It is one of the most alarming and appalling things imaginable. The time is apt to be in the dark hours of the morning, and the onset of the attack sudden. The sufferer gasps for breath, fear. He seems to himself to be sinking into an invisible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the horror of the situation being wholly mental. The sensation is that of a person who feels the water cover his face for the last time as the struggle over he sinks beneath the surface of the sea.

Thank God, when the case is not fatal in a few minutes—as is sometimes the case—it is usually over within an hour. Yet that hour! I would, for my part, scarcely consent to pass another such, even if bribed with the certainty of a whole year of happy days. What can be the cause? Let us read what Mrs. Davis has to say before suggesting an answer.

"In January, 1890," she writes, "after my confinement I could not get up my strength. I continued taking it, and gained strength every day, for I could eat well and was free from pain. Soon I was able to go about as usual."

"What I suffered it is impossible to describe. I was brought so low I could hardly crawl about the house. The doctor whom I consulted said my ailment was nervous debility, but his medicines failed to relieve me."

"One day a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used a bottle and it benefited me greatly. My nerves were steadier and the pain at my heart less severe. I continued taking it, and gained strength every day, for I could eat well and was free from pain."

"Since that time if anything ails me a few doses sets me right. In February, 1891, my little girl, Eva, had an attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs, and we feared we should lose her. She was at one of the doctors attended her, but she got no better. I then gave her Mother Seigel's Syrup, and she was soon as strong and well as ever. I firmly believe that but for this remedy she would now be in her grave. You can publish this statement as you like, and refer any one to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Jane Davis, 23 Keers street, High street, Lewes, January 21, 1897."

Now let us try to get to the bottom of those mysterious and frightful sinking spells. Bad and dangerous as they are, the explanation is simple. Her blood was full of poison from the rotting food in her stomach, for her real and only disease was dyspepsia. Some of these paralyzing and deadly things had weakened

A FULL STOP For Latrippe, Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, Hay Asthma, Fevers, &c., by using THE NEW GRIPPE CURE. Never fails. Has unequalled power. No household can afford to be without it. Price 25c. Prepared by D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 394 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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J. A. RICHARDSON, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto

the nerves which move the lungs and heart, thus causing those spells in which life's brief candle flickered to extinction. The reason why they came on near morning was that the body is always weakest and lowest at that hour. And they are—remember now!—only one of the many forms wherein dyspepsia produces local ailments and threatens life. It is ever a thief, a deceiver, a poisoner, a murderer.

Be on the lookout against it as against an enemy who has sworn to slay you on sight, and use Mother Seigel's Syrup the day you notice anything wrong with the digestion.

A trade journal tells of a man whose checked suit was so loud that it disturbed the nap of his silk hat.

Are You Losing Flesh? Then something is wrong. To the young it always means trouble. It is a warning to any one, unless they are already too fat. Scott's Emulsion checks this waste and brings up your weight again.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Are We Passing Through a Theatrical Crisis?

WHETHER we are drifting in matters theatrical? It begins to appear that the Cummings Stock Company is making it impossible for traveling companies to continue to visit Toronto. Last Saturday afternoon the crowd that filled the Princess to see The Two Orphans was almost without precedent. On the same afternoon the Grand was dark, and the Toronto Opera House, although it had one of the best companies and one of the best plays seen there all season, did not play to extra good business. The situation is very interesting. Here is the Princess putting on very good plays at these prices: Matinees, 10 and 15 cents; nights, 10 and 25 cents. It is the brightest and daintiest of the three theaters and its only drawback is that its location is unfavorable. The Toronto Opera House is offering fairly good opposition and succeeds in holding its own business. The Grand, however, is not attempting to fight the Princess at all. Nearly every show that comes to the Grand has what we are accustomed to call "raised prices," that is: Matinee, \$1.00 to 25c.; nights, \$1.50 to 25c. A few years ago the raising of prices to \$1.50 was unusual. It is now almost habitual. The Princess might almost be said to be running free shows to crowded houses; the Grand holds prices at \$1.50, and only Sothern can draw an old-time crowd. So good an actor as Otis Skinner comes to the Grand and plays to empty benches; Secret Service only draws half houses; and all this notwithstanding the fact that the Grand has about the shrewdest and most experienced manager in the business in Canada. What does it all mean?

It is generally known that Mr. Whitney controls both the Grand and the Princess and that Mr. O. B. Sheppard is his local manager. It is also stated that both houses are under business arrangements with the Theatrical Trust. In view of these understood facts—not yet denied—the whole thing becomes, perhaps, intelligible. Companies are required to make big jumps to reach Toronto, and vast fortunes have been spent in transporting companies to this city. Attempts to make both the Grand and the Princess pay have failed, and they failed chiefly because of the great expense of bringing actors, scenery and property here for three or six days. We might as well face the actual condition and recognize that what is happening or may happen does not give us any particular grievance against anybody. We are confronted by a condition. Some companies carry fifteen people and from one to three car-loads of property; the property has cost a small fortune; the people draw salaries that total a large sum per week; the freight and fares are heavy; the hotel bills are large. In competition with the Cummings Stock Company these traveling companies are at a tremendous disadvantage. The stock company has no traveling expenses; its members do not need more than half the salaries to be quite as well off; its properties are put to a multiplicity of uses.

The Princess is making money; the Grand is an interested spectator, and therefore I would not be surprised to hear that there will be a stock company at the Grand. This town cannot support two first-class theaters playing expensive traveling companies, but it could support two first-class stock companies, giving satisfaction to the public and making money for all concerned. The average company carries only two persons who are really worth carrying; the others could be supplied locally. There may again come a time when a star like E. H. Sothern will come here accompanied only by his leading lady and their trunks, and the stock company will fill all the minor parts and do it better than the cheap fellows who have heretofore been carried all over the continent. The theatrical business has indeed run mad of late, and all kinds of poor shows with flaming lithographs have run over the country buncing the people. Advance notices now fail to deceive; people are wary and tired of poor shows. The Trust is, I think, trying to reorganize the business entirely, and while the power they aim at is dangerous to art in many ways, it will at least produce a vast economy. Centralization is always economical, but the profits go to the monopolists.

The theatrical business seems to be quite disorganized in Toronto just now. Two weeks ago I announced that the Wizard of the Nile would be put on at the Grand for the second half of last week. The house was dark, instead. Last week I announced that the Wizard would be dark this week, but along comes Kate Claxton for the second half of the week playing The Two Orphans, which was played last week at the Princess Theater by the Cummings Stock Company. Last week I stated that the company then at the Toronto Opera House would probably remain another week, but, instead, the house is dark. In making those announcements I secured my information from the box-offices of the theaters concerned. The fault, therefore, is not mine. MACK.

Like the rest of us, The Nominee commences

well. Its opening act is as imposing as the tout ensemble of a young man fresh from college, and about as sensible. Like him, it is intended to point a moral—and doesn't, and its failure in this respect is better than success would be, just as our juvenile friend has some chance of being of some use as soon as he discovers that he is not the greatest thing in the world and has not succeeded to the position of private tutor to the universe.

Act number one introduces an "American" who does not take much interest in politics (mark the delicate humor), and who, when offered an opportunity to contest a neighboring district in the Democratic interest, sends his secretary, who is a rank Republican, to carry on the battle in his name, while the reluctant politician skips to New York and has what is vulgarly known as a "time" with one Pauline, of whom we hear a great deal but are not permitted to see. However, we are asked to pass severe judgment on the hero because of this acquaintanceship, for it is evident that a lady who, in addition to the moral darkness involved in the fact that she is a resident of New York is also an actress, must be excessively improper. But you don't care much about this, for the idea of a Yankee who is oblivious to the glories of the political world when they are laid, so to speak, at his feet, is so intensely amusing that you really do not need anything else to laugh at till the curtain drops at the end of the first act.

After a decent interval the wanderers return, the one from New York with a head that has to turn edgewise to get through the door, and the other from the remote congressional district where he has shamefully flopped and been elected; and as all this has happened while he is using his employer's name, it follows that the son of one of the oldest Democratic families in the State is being heralded by the papers as the new Republican congressman. This makes trouble in the home, of course, for there is a mother-in-law—there cannot be a domestic comedy without a mother-in-law—and as she is a Jacksonian Democrat, which I gather was the very worst kind of a Democrat, the reception the son-in-law receives on his return is lurid in the extreme. There are some funny complications arising from the fact that the son-in-law meets the ladies of his family before he has had time to have a consultation with the secretary as to what happened during the campaign, so that he does not even know that he is elected or by what majority, or anything about the contest; so that there are numberless opportunities for introducing absurd situations which the author has taken full advantage of. Then, to further complicate matters, it appears that the secretary, who hitherto, as far as the fair sex is concerned, has

with the rest of us. Poor fellow; nobody objected to his losing himself in the clouds of a super-ordinary existence, but his recovery was painful to himself and to us all. He should have stayed there.

It is the fashion under such circumstances to say that the man was drunk. But he was not. Better for him that he had been. There are lots of people who ought to take to whisky for an excuse for actions that cannot be reasonably explained any other way. Drunk, he would be understandable; sober, he was as curious a phenomenon as one ever meets. His views of men and things were sublime in their absurdity; with no material at hand for conversation he had much to say; with nothing to think with, he had ideas to burn; and he was an altogether delightful specimen of that extraordinary process of manufacture which culminates in what is known as the self-made man, who, I understand, is the only evil that we do not, in our impiety, hold Providence accountable for.

Miss Kate Claxton and The Two Orphans are at the Grand the latter half of this week. Having had the same play last week at the Princess it will be interesting to compare them and thus see how near the Cummings people come to what may be considered the best representation possible of this play, for if ever anybody gains the power to do anything well by dint of ceaseless repetition, then Kate Claxton's Two Orphans ought to be a masterpiece. QUIS.

The event of the season which is commanding the attention of theater goers is the appear-



MISS JULIA ARTHUR,
As Clorinda Wildairs in "A Lady of Quality."

been like Caesar's wife, has been having a very nice time indeed, and as he is known only by the name of the unfortunate son-in-law, letters and photographs, etc., which arrive and fall into the mother-in-law's hands, add somewhat to the latter's burdens. But ere the close all these little differences and misunderstandings are explained in true dramatic fashion, and the curtain falls on the last act to the echoes of a spirited invitation to the mother-in-law to go to Tophet and let her daughter, and especially her daughter's husband, alone.

In a King street car last Monday night on my way home after the performance I ran across a rare bit of humanity. He had been to a lodge concert somewhere and was returning in triumph. He was genial, friendly and communicative, and appeared somewhat the better for liquor; he was at peace with himself and the world, and emitted that delicate cheesy odor only to be possessed by those who keep nightly vigil upon the chequered floor. This time he had been near the top of creation and was coming slowly back to earth again. By the time he arrived opposite the Princess Theater he was still several leagues above the rest of us, enraptured with beatific visions of the fraternal lunch-counter and its hallowed associations. His painfully audible reference to that well known place of amusement as a ten-cent theater, and to the people who frequented it as being fit inmates for an insane asylum, indicated the altitude from which he viewed the commoner pleasures of our lower life. He was generous with his spiritual exaltation, too; he told everybody in the car about it, and we all regretted that he should have nowhere to stay except on the same earth

ance of Miss Julia Arthur in the great success, A Lady of Quality, at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee, March 17, 18 and 19. It is known ahead that Miss Arthur's conquest of New York in this play has been almost without a parallel. On November 1, immediately following the catastrophe in Detroit which destroyed her first magnificent production of the play, Miss Arthur made her first New York appearance in the character of Clorinda Wildairs, and for eight weeks afterwards seats were at a premium, while her audiences numbered some of the most fashionable members of New York society. She was at once accepted as a popular and social favorite and could have well stayed in New York the whole season, but previous contracts forced her to leave at the very height of her success. Since then the records of her tour have been simply to repeat her New York triumph. She won unstinted praise everywhere, and it can safely be said that no other attraction coming to this city has been more eagerly looked forward to than the coming of Miss Arthur. The production which will be brought here is the New York presentation intact, with the original cast, costumes and scenic effects. It has been generously praised for the elaboration and beauty of its detail, and is known as the most costly on the road. The surroundings are described as being rich with picturesque grandeur, and the Queen Anne epoch affords fine opportunity for scenic effects and coloring. A great feature of interest to the fair sex will be found in the magnificent costuming. Miss Arthur wears eight different gowns in all, some of which are said to be remarkably beautiful. Her first appearance is made as a boy in youth's attire. Miss

Picture Puzzle.—No. 7.



This picture suggests the name of a Canadian town. The answer to No. 6 is Smith's Falls.

Arthur's support is an array of well known acting talent. Her company includes: Mr. Edwin Arden, by whom she is supported, and Messrs. Scot Inglis, George Woodward, Robert McWade, Joseph Allen, W. J. Thorold, Herbert Fortier, Lawrence Miller and others, and Misses Florence Conron, Ethel Knight Mollison, Mary Bingham and others. There will be a special matinee on Saturday.

The Chicago critics, like those of New York, were greatly pleased with Julia Arthur as Clorinda in A Lady of Quality. Miss Arthur comes here fresh from a decided victory in Chicago, where the Inter-Ocean devoted two columns to her praise, the News one column and a half, and the Journal one column. Miss Arthur is a Canadian and has several Canucks in her company, among others W. J. Thorold, who is well known here. Julia Arthur should be given the biggest welcome of the season.

Hermann, the magician, is billed for the first three nights of next week at the Grand. He is nephew and heir of the Hermann we knew so well, and this is his first visit to us. Julia Arthur in A Lady of Quality will hold the boards the last three nights.

Mr. John Imrie will give a lecture on The Scot at Home and Abroad, in Fern avenue Presbyterian church, Parkdale, on Monday evening.

Bon Ton Burlesquers will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week.

The Trail of a Wheeze.

For Saturday Night.
A Canadian joke by a pleasant wag
Was inserted as "news" in the local "rag."
For days it set the whole village agog
And everyone "treated" the "jolly dog."
But e'er very long it extended its range—
By an editor snipp'd from a current exchange
And as "copy" passed on for the "comic page"—
Then all o'er the province 'twas quickly the rage.
When repeated by tramp and dude in fine,
It crossed the international line.
Until deftly extended, with cuts display'd,
It filled up a "cool" of the Fiance Blade.
And raised through the States such mirth-commotion
That a Saxon smuggled it over the ocean.
When the Brits laughed themselves into fits
As they read it in Questions and Stolen Bits.
And I'd be surprised if "after a while"
It doesn't "occur" in the Fiji Isles.
Or that Klondikers, too, as they dig and freeze
Don't "hot" themselves up by a laugh at the wheeze.
Souris, Man. HARRY S. WALTER.

The Craze for Cheap Things.

ONE of the most distressing facts now before us is the insatiable appetite for cheap goods, with which the vast majority of the patrons of our retail stores are afflicted. To analyze this condition critically, and show clearly all the causes which have combined to bring it about, is nearly impossible, but without doubt one of the chief ones has been the recently prevailing hard times.

It is easily within the memory of most of us, says Trade, to recall parts if not all of the strips of body Brussels carpet with which our parents were wont to cover their floors, and which had withstood the feet of two or three generations, and how frequent, yet true, is the remark so frequently heard regarding it, "You cannot buy such carpets now."

The reason is only too self-evident—people will not pay the price. It is likewise easy to recall the time-worn but still good, black silk dresses we once saw on forms long since passed away, still doing service for a younger generation.

Are such silks sold to-day? If they do sell, it is the exception, whereas at one time it was the rule. How many can recall some of the real linen shirts our fathers used to wear, serviceable still, even if yellowed with age?

Do such fabrics sell to-day?

The manufacturer, always quick to note a demand, has filled our stores with \$1.00 Brussels carpets, 75-cent silks and 25-cent shirts, and these, especially if marked down to about one-half price, sell like hot cakes on a cold morning. And the maker can not be blamed; he has simply supplied what the public wanted. And what is true of articles of food, and there is equally the buyer suffers.

A man may make a fairly creditable appearance with an \$8.88 suit of clothes covered by a \$6.00 overcoat, with a forty-six cent shirt and a six-cent collar encircled by a nineteen-cent necktie, topped off by a \$1.33 hat, and walking in \$2.22 shoes, but when he puts six-cent jellies on his three-cent bread and eats nine-cent canned goods with five-cent sausage, something is bound to suffer, and that, it is needless to add, will be his stomach.

In our reckless efforts to make one dollar do the work of two we have entirely overlooked the fact that action and reaction are equal, and unless a change soon sets in for the better the people will be obliged to face the inevitable results of such conduct in depleted vitality, ruined health, and a general reaction on the part of poorly nourished systems, which is anything but agreeable to contemplate. And fully as serious in its consequences is the never-end-

ing cry of cheap, cheaper, cheapest, in our wearing apparel.

Did you ever stop to think what \$6.00 clothes, 40-cent shirts, and 50-cent night-clothes means? It means thousands of poor, degraded, half-starved, overworked men and women, ground down more and more each year by heartless employers, who find with every contract a lower price than the one before it. It means, in the fierce competition to reduce cost, that first, last and all the time, labor must foot the bills, for labor is practically all there is in any commodity.

In the name of untold thousands of helpless men, women and children, who are in infinitely worse slavery than ever cursed the negroes in the South, the American people should cease this merciless demand for cheap articles, every one of which represents just so many drops of life-blood from some unfortunate wretch to whom circumstance has given the task of making.

It is high time that something besides the lowest possible selling price should govern our purchases, and for humanity's sake Trade pleads for less selfishness from buyers, for unless we do, retribution must inevitably ensue; and we are frank to say that the result will startle even those who have given this question even the thought it deserves. It is one of the most serious problems we are called upon to solve at the close of the nineteenth century, but face it we must, and unless we help the solution by showing some regard for these facts, it will work its own solution in a manner that will be anything but agreeable.

An Art Discovery.

A DISCOVERY of great artistic and antiquarian interest has just been made in Florence. It consists primarily of an undoubted painting by Ghirlandaio, and secondly, of a portrait contained therein believed to be that of Amerigo Vespucci, the great Florentine navigator after whom America was named. The painting in question is a fresco the existence of which was referred to by Vasari, but whose exact whereabouts was not known. However, search was recently made, and, guided partly by inscriptions and partly by the references in Vasari and a manuscript work by Roselli, the fresco was discovered behind an altarpiece in the Vespucci Chapel in the Church of Ognissanti in Florence. The fresco is in two portions, the upper and more important being in an arch, while the lower portion, a Pietà, is obviously not so well executed, and is indeed believed by experts to be the work of Domenico Ghirlandaio's brother David. The supposed likeness of Amerigo Vespucci is in the upper portion, which, it is believed, contains the portraits of various members of the Vespucci family surrounding the Virgin Mary—a practice very common among painters in the time of the Great Masters. From reliable data it is believed that the youthful figure immediately on the right hand of the Virgin is that of the future navigator who, some forty years afterwards gave his name to the New World. Whether the portrait is authentic or not—and in Italy it is accepted as genuine—the upper part of the fresco is undoubtedly the work of Ghirlandaio; it is one of the master's earliest paintings, and at any rate is a fine picture and of the greatest interest both to the artistic and antiquarian worlds.



The Toronto Lacrosse Club held its re-organization meeting at the Athletic Club on Monday evening, and a purely amateur team is to be put on the field this year, and also an intermediate twelve to be known as the Young Torontos. This has a promising sound. The particular need of the team in the past has been a supply of recruits and men to practice the game with. Mr. Suckling in his address stated that last season was the most successful in ten years, not only on the field but in a financial way. In reporting the meeting some of the daily papers said that the Club had lost money during the season, but gained it back by the Jubilee Fair. This is an error; the lacrosse season did not end in a loss, although it appeared to do so because of the sums paid on interest and back debts. The Fair was certainly a great help, but, as managed last year, the Club was self-supporting. The following officers were elected: President, R. Garland; first vice-president, H. C. Schofield; second vice-president, Robert Christie; hon. secretary, W. Lamont; treasurer, J. M. Macdonald; directors, P. McCulloch, F. Moran, H. L. Howard, George Wheeler and E. Burns. The choosing of a field-captain was left over until a later date.

As to the season's work on the ice. Down in the East the Victorias once more exhibited their wonderful superiority and closed their seventh and final season of victory with their title of world champions undisputed. The Winniepegs, second in the Prairie City to the Victorias, toured Quebec and Ontario, winning a majority of games played. In Ontario the three O.H.A. championships were won, senior by Osgoode, intermediate by Waterloo and junior by Upper Canada College, while the city championship trophy dangles at the belt of the Wellingtons.

"Darling," said a Chicago lover, "don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?" "I can't help that," was the reply of the adored one; "my dressmaker is sick and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go ahead and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them." Whereupon he concluded to defy the fates and wait for the dressmaker to get well.—Chicago Post.

Millions vs. Nothing.

"SPEAKING about fortunes," said the passenger to the conductor, who had dropped into the seat beside him, "do you know that if I had the choice of leaving my boy ten million dollars or nothing, I'd prefer to leave him nothing."

The conductor smiled.

"Don't misunderstand me. Now, what I mean is this: Suppose that I should die within the next ten years, or let us say just ten years from today, my boy would be seventeen. Well, sir, I'd rather leave that boy of seventeen penniless than leave him under the evil influence of so much wealth."

"But wait a minute," said the conductor, squaring his toes for an argument. "Suppose that your boy was seventeen years of age and you were worth ten million dollars and about to die, would you make a will leaving him penniless and giving your money to the sons of your enemies?"

"No."

"I guess not," laughed the conductor. "You are only talking because you haven't ten millions to leave."

"Well, now, hold on. Take the case as you put it. If at the time when my boy reaches the age of seventeen I am worth ten million dollars, it will mean that for several years previous to that I have been worth eight, seven or three millions, and have perhaps been so occupied with the investment of my money that my son has been left to his mother's care—she has had an unlimited allowance, and has encouraged the boy in extravagance. Under those circumstances it wouldn't do for me to leave the boy penniless, because he would probably have cultivated habits of life and indulgence that would cost him a dollar per hour. If I was worth ten millions and had allowed the boy to slash things around, it would never do to cut him off with a shilling."

"Well, you seem to think that if a man has ten millions to leave to his son he should leave it to him; if he hasn't it, he shouldn't leave it to him."

"You think that that sounds foolish," said the passenger slowly, "but that is precisely what I mean. The son of the millionaire has been nurtured in one way, the son of the poor man in another. You dare not throw the first into the world without a crust of bread; the latter can hustle for crusts—he has been taught from infancy to dive in the water for them, climb trees for them, carry parcels for them, and he has always known that they are to be had only through effort. To the rich boy everything comes as by right divine—he but whimpers for it and his mother engages astronomers to fetch the moon for the child. Do you begin to see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see it all right enough, but I notice that very few men miss opportunities of becoming millionaires if they can help it."

"True enough," replied the passenger. "But most men think that their sons are different from the sons of other rich men, and besides, a man who is growing rich never expects to die while his sons are in their teens. He expects his sons to do well and to have his guidance—expects them to come to his elbows, one on the right and another on the left, and help his great schemes along with as much skill and as deep an interest as he himself feels. The trouble with the millionaire father is that he forgets that while he began life at the bottom and loves the making of money and the overcoming of obstacles, his sons began life at the top and have experience only in the spending of money. Such a father and son look at life through opposite ends of a telescope. They can never understand each other nor sympathize with each other, for they are rival creations. The son must atone by his vices, his extravagances and his general uselessness to society at large for the evil done to society at large by the virtues, the economies and general usefulness of his father. If a laborer's son has a genius for money-making and piles up a fortune of some millions, he may be respected as a good man."

"Like Rockefeller."

"Yes, like Rockefeller. He is described as a good man. Now, I hold that however fine a man he may be, the morality of the world and general welfare of the race requires that he should have a son who possesses nothing that we call good—he should be a spendthrift, a poor business man, a fellow who will blunder in everything he undertakes, lose money at every turn, and wind up where his father began—not worth a dollar."

"I hear things like this said very often," put in the conductor. "Usually by men who have no money and are dead-heading their way on my train."

"Those men are great moralists and economists. I tell you that our universities should engage the better educated of the tramps who pass through Toronto to lecture before the students on the realities of modern life. They are the men who have something to tell, for they have seen, they have suffered; they can speak the truth without regard to the frowns of those who sit in the seats of the mighty."

"Oh, yes," said the conductor. "Things are all haw-gee in the world, but I'd like to get something laid away for my boys and girls just the same, and you can't persuade me that it is foolish."

"No man can be persuaded of anything whatever in this world but by his own experience. I am not going to try to persuade you, but I'll tell you this, and you can see how it agrees with your own experience. Suppose that the average man lives to be sixty years of age—well, the main facts of his career are: His marriage; the domestic pleasure and companionship of his wife and his home; the birth of his children and the interest he has in them; the health of himself, his wife, his children; and in turn, death takes all. Rich or poor, a man's chances are equal in all these main facts of existence—marriage, domestic pleasure, children, health. Aside from these things there are others which we may sum up in the terms Success and Comfort, and which are as easily reached by the poor as the rich. Do you see that old man at the far end of the car? How old is he?"

"About eighty, I guess," said the conductor.

"Well, what does it matter to that old man whether he has piled up ten million dollars or ten thousand? The fires have burned low—he

is nearly gone. What are the worldly things that concern him now? Not his money—not the fortunes he made or didn't make forty years ago—but his sons, and his daughters, and his grandchildren, his wife or the memory of her, these are the main interests of life. The poor boy has a thousand prizes within his reach; the rich boy has few, for there is scarcely anything in life that assumes the proportions of a prize in his sight. The man who makes a big fortune is to be envied his sensations; but the son who inherits it is handicapped for life. When my boy is sixteen I'm going to take him to the front door and bid him good-bye and—"

The train began to slow down and the conductor arose hurriedly to depart.

"I'll tell him," added the passenger, "that he must from that time forward pay his own way, and come home only for two weeks each year."

"What will your wife say to that?" called back the conductor.

"I'm not quite sure," admitted the passenger.

MACK.



LOOKING AT THE MINIATURE.

ROBERT HARRIS, R.C.A., MONTREAL.

A Philological Compromise.

THE portly and perspiring citizen was buying his ticket at the Union Station a few minutes before train time, when two men in the crowd behind began criticizing his appearance.

"Now that's a typical John Bull," said one.

"Typical nothing. He's just a fat American whose clothes don't fit."

"British to the backbone, or I'm no judge."

"Not a bit of it. I'd bet ten dollars he's American."

"Done with you. Now just wait and hear him ask for checks for his 'luggage.' He's got a lot of it on the platform."

"He'll say 'baggage' sure. Then you'll own up you've been mistaken."

"Of course—but he won't."

Meanwhile the subject of these observations, which had grown more audible as the disputants became excited over the controversy, had obtained his ticket, and smiling a sly, quiet smile passed out in search of the baggage-man.

The argumentative citizens followed him closely and awaited the issue as the official stepped forward.

"I want checks for Chicago," said the gentleman of dubious nationality, "for my—"

Here the strain of the situation became heightened by the noise of a passing locomotive, and the interested listeners pressed closer and strained their ears to catch the decisive shibboleth.

"—for my baggage!"

The bet was declared off.

P. T.

The Sermon Was Short.

By A Wandering Dilettante.

HE was a tall, thin young man of very grave countenance, and as he walked up the aisle in search of a seat the fat, elderly gentleman sitting alone touched him on the arm and, with a gracious wave of his hand, offered accommodation in his pew.

The church was warm, and by the time the sermon was well under way the stout gentleman was enjoying a peaceful and noiseless snooze.

The thin young man noted his slumbering neighbor, took careful observation of the risings and fallings of the sleeper's shirt-front, then, with his eyes fixed upon the preacher, and without moving a muscle of his solemn-looking features, he gave a correct and lifelike imitation of a snore.

Several people in adjacent pews turned around, some with a smile, but more with a frown.

The thin young man looked reproachfully at the slumberous individual, then, simultaneously with a rising of the broad expanse of waistcoat, he produced another snort, this time with the addition of a string of gurgles.

The open mouth of the stout gentleman seemed to silently acknowledge the authorship of the effort. Again, watching his chance the young man resumed business with a fearful "C-r-r-r-wook!!!" that sounded like a cross between a fog-horn and a watchman's rattle. Smiles predominated over frowns in the neighboring pews.

Then followed a guttural grunt, like the "giving thanks" of a dining porker.

"It's old Mr. Boggs," came a titting whisper from the pew behind; "he's nearly stone-deaf, you know, though he'll never own up to it. He'll be the last to hear himself snore."

A faint smile flickered through the gravity of the young man's physiognomy, like a will-o'-the-wisp in a mist, then came a tremendous and prolonged snort that shook the chandeliers and aroused the entire congregation, followed by a fusillade of titters, like the rattle of musketry after a battery has spoken.

Here and there other devotees of Morpheus who had been saying their orisons at the shrine

of the drowsy god, started into guilty wakefulness with a horrible suspicion that they themselves had perpetrated the unhallowed sound. The preacher stopped in the middle of a sentence and focussed his spectacles upon the peaceful features of the serenely unconscious Boggs. A few of the more sedate had controlled their curiosity heretofore, but they now turned with the more frivolous to see whence came the sacrilegious interruption, and the gaze of the entire congregation was centered upon the innocent sleeper. Dead to all remorse, his features retaining their solemn immobility, the thin young man continued his diabolical solo.

The congregation waited in breathless suspense. For it was Boggs who slept, Boggs the great man of the church, who had built the very edifice itself, who paid the organist's salary, and whose contribution to the pastor's stipend constituted the major portion thereof; who—who would have the temerity to waken Boggs and tell him he had snored, Boggs who had slept through the sermon Sunday after Sunday in reverent silence? For a moment there was a hush of expectancy, then Grimes, the sole and only rival of the great Boggs, rose from his pew on the other aisle. The fate of the church hung in the balance, for if Grimes wakened Boggs—!!!

But the minister himself, perhaps the most interested individual in saving the situation, was equal to it. Ere Grimes had covered half the distance to Boggs' pew there sounded the smack of a closing book, the preacher raised his hand and closed his eyes—the signal for the benediction; the congregation rose to its feet. Boggs, whose instinct never failed him in this respect, awoke and rose too.

The church was saved!

Toronto, March, '98.

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The Sister of a School-Teacher.

UNDER her arm were a couple of those mottle-backed volumes in which one generally recognizes the property of the Public Library. In her walk was a dignified importance such as only a young lady of her diminutive dimensions assumes when she is on momentous business.

"Good afternoon, madame," I said impressively as I caught up with her. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Whither away if I might make so bold?" enquired I.

"To the Lib'ry," she said importantly.

"What, have you fallen a victim so early in life?"

"No, I change the books for me big sister," she explained.

"Oh," I said. "And what kind of books does your sister prefer?"

"Oh (altrily) any old kind as long as it's good. She's a schoolteacher (sobbering) and she can't read a book unless it's good."

"She likes a good book, eh?"

"Yes. Who Loved Him the Best, and A Pair of Blue Eyes she can read over and over again. She says I'm to get Lady Wilbury's Jewels this time if it's in."

"There's nothing like solid literature for expanding the mind," I observed.

"My sister can't read anything else," asserted the little maid. "Here's my destiny. Good-bye."

And the sister of a schoolteacher disappeared within the portals of the Public Lib'ry.

S. H.

Notes From Washington.

THE Canadian Pacific is in bad odor in the United States Senate. It came to the United States with sufficient shock that the Klondike was Canadian territory; it strikes them as amazing that Canada should seek to conserve some of the advantages accruing therefrom. According to Senator Elkins fifty millions in trade is taken annually by the C.P.R. from United States roads, and they are now conspiring to keep out all competitors in the Klondike travel. More than this, it is alleged that they control the Canadian Government; that but for Canada pelagic sealing would long ago have been stopped; that, in brief, Canada is responsible for all the bickerings with Great Britain. The speech occurred during the consideration of a section of the Alaska Railway and Homestead Bill. The section in question provides for the extension to Canada of the bonding privilege at Wrangell on condition that no corporation have exclusive privilege of transportation through Canada to this point, and that United States fishermen be granted the right to enter Canadian ports for the purchase of bait or other supplies.

The committee in charge of the bill claimed to have inside knowledge that Canada would yield this latter long-guarded contention, but this clause bears the appearance of being inserted to discover just how eager Canada is for the bonding privilege in the West. Representative Lewis made no effort to conceal his annoyance at failure to cajole the Canadian Government into lifting some of the mining conditions that very properly differentiate the United States miners from the Canadian.

Mr. T. G. Mason, of Mason & Risch, paid a flying visit to Washington during a business trip to Worcester, Boston and New York. It was a pleasure to your correspondent to be able to point out to him some of the beauties of the national capital. Mr. and Mrs. Whytal were here last week in For Fair Virginia. They must either have improved wonderfully since their visit to Toronto in the early part of the season, or Washington must be a more fitting background for Southern plots. At all events they drew good Lenten business, and Washington's theatrical judgment is not to be sneezed at.

R. H. J.

Washington, D.C., March 7, '98.

A Study in Demonology.

"DEAR ME! Bless my soul!" said Rev. Dr. Portly, turning his copy of In Darkest New York downward on his knee, says Life, and wiping his gold-rimmed glasses in a perturbed manner. "What horrible things statistics are! Whoever in the world would have thought that so many thousands of wretched human beings could be at one's very door, without one having an inkling of it! It is astounding!" And the good

gentleman leaned back from his cosy study-fire and mused dreamily to himself. "It's very criminal, too," he added at last. "What right have I, a man in the prime and vigor of his manhood, to sit here snugly ensconced in a fat living, while literally thousands of poor humanity are struggling in the blackness of poverty, ill-health, ignorance and famine?" He was pacing the room by this time, with a determined tread. "I will send in my resignation this very night; I'll go among these people; I'll—"

Just then the Devil appeared.

"How perfectly ridiculous, my dear sir," said he, "to hand in your resignation."

"And why not?" questioned the Doctor.

"Doesn't the condition of these people cry out for self-sacrifice on our part?"

"Bah!" said the Devil.

"But look at the statistics," said the Doctor, still strong.

"Who is it has so wisely remarked that there are three kinds of lies—lies, damned-lies, and statistics?" questioned the Devil.

"I don't know," replied the Doctor, doubtfully, and he sat down.

"And what's to become of your own parish? Who is to administer to its needs?" continued the Devil.

"That's so," assented the Doctor; "I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps you're right. It would be wrong for me to resign," he added, with decision.

"Not only wrong, but so uncomfortable," said the Devil.

"Quite so," replied the Doctor. "Do have a glass of this port. It is something very superior, and was sent me by the Young Ladies' Foreign Mission Society of our church."

"Thanks," said the Devil urbanely.

And they both drank together.

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Old-time Fashions.

IT will be interesting to see if the production of Pinero's new play, Trelawny of the 'Wells,' in London, brings about a faint revival of those strange fashions which reigned when our mothers were young. Many of these modes, at which so many contemporary fashion-writers are now flinging abuse, were practically designed by the Empress Eugénie, not only the most beautiful woman of her day, but the undisputed leader of fashion during the existence of the ill-fated Second Empire. Then, as now, the question was entirely one of taste. A lovely and intelligent woman could make even a crinoline a thing of beauty; and any old beau, or, for the matter of that, one-time belle, will tell you, if in a mood for confidences, that ball-rooms have never looked quite the same since bereft of the masses of billowy tulle and tarlatan first brought into existence by "the empress." The hats worn with the crinoline were often singularly ugly. The milliner of that day never attempted to learn from the past, and her clients slavishly refused to use their own sense in the matter. Why women familiar with Reynolds and Gainsboroughs should have consented to wear pork-pie hats is a mystery.

Encores Not Recognized.

THE fashionable hatter, after many trials, had at last succeeded in suiting his somewhat fastidious customer with a glossy head-covering of the latest style.

"There, sir," he said, striking an attitude of admiration, "how does that fit you?"

"Splendidly. I'll take it."

The customer handed over the price, gave another approving glance at the mirror, and then clapping his hands vigorously, exclaimed, "Encore! Encore!"

"Eh? I don't understand," said the astonished tradesman.

"I say 'encore.' Aren't you going to respond?"

"Respond? How?"

"Why, by making me a present of another equally as good. I want an encore, don't you see?"

The hatter stared and gasped for half a minute and finally said something about not doing business in that way.

"Don't, eh?" said the customer. "Well, some people do."

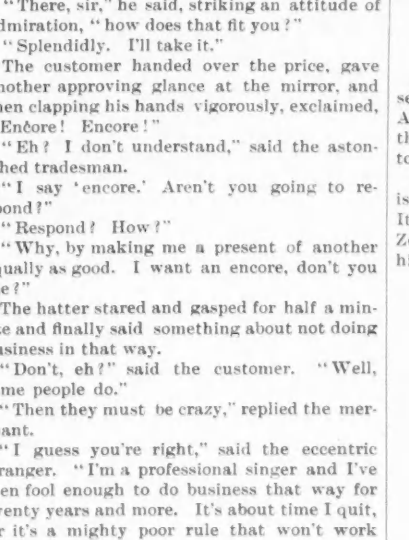
"Then they must be crazy," replied the merchant.

"I guess you're right," said the eccentric stranger. "I'm a professional singer and I've been fool enough to do business that way for twenty years and more. It's about time I quit, for it's a mighty poor rule that won't work both ways."

P. T.

From St. Helena.

Punch.



Put the Question Wrongly.

A small boy was running along Queen street a few days ago without seeing a friend of the family coming in the opposite direction, who, clumsily putting out his hand to stop the lad only succeeded in throwing him to the pavement.

"Oh, Willie," said the man with quick solicitude, hastily lifting him up, "did you hurt yourself?"

"No, sir," replied Willie, "it was you that hurt me."

Every Man to His Trade.

The customer on entering the barber shop found the proprietor sitting gloomily gazing out of the window at the throngs passing along King street.

"Hallo," he said, "what's troubling you?"

"I was just thinking," replied the barber, "that it was a shame to see so much whiskers going past my door and me sitting here doing nothing and rent due to-morrow."

Book's and Shop-Talk.

Judith Moore is the title of a new book of fiction by a Canadian writer, that should be read by every person who pretends to take an interest in our native literature. Miss Joanna E. Wood is the author, and the book has been brought out by the publishers of the Canadian Magazine. Two years ago she wrote The Untempered Wind, a powerful story of Canadian village life, which, on being published in New York, was pronounced the book of the year by many critics. Judith Moore is the love story of a young Canadian farmer and a girl who has retired to his neighborhood to prepare for her debut on the operatic stage in New York. The story is well built, the characters are well modeled, and, strong as Miss Wood proved herself to be in her previous book in the treatment of rural life,



JOANNA E. WOOD, Author of "Judith Moore," "The Untempered Wind," etc.

her handling of city life and operatic characters is not less strong. In short, Miss Wood is to be taken seriously; she is not one of those fluent dabblers in literature who run off books with the noise and clatter with which a sewing-machine is run. There are such women—writers who have no gift but that of garrulity. This is a writer of merit in every page; a young lady who is strong in constructive power and who fashions her story with skill. Miss Wood not only has talent, but beauty and social accomplishments, and now that she has a Canadian publisher it is to be hoped that she will not be drawn altogether to New York and Philadelphia, where she spends her winters, although her home is at Queenston, Ont.

Sometimes the yellow sheets of New York, the Journal and the World, get scooped. On the morning of February 16 neither of these papers contained a word about the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, although the Sun, the Herald and other papers had despatches relating to the catastrophe. Next day, of course, the "yellow" journals yelled tremendously and tried to raise such a dust that people would forget that they had been scooped. But the fact stands that they were beaten by the legitimate newspapers on the biggest item of news of the year.

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The Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition.

IN reviewing the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy we are reminded of the expression "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." We are not disposed to "rush in." Indeed, we fear to tread for many reasons. The hours of precious time in the completing of these present paintings, and the weary, industrious hours which made them possible, in previous study; the amount of mental and spiritual energy which has been drained from the inner consciousness; the personality of each artist poured into his subject; the varying emotions of grief and love, of joy and hate, which each artist must necessarily have before he can make them another's—all combine to insist on them being approached with sympathy and reverence. They are the visible expressions of hearts and minds, expressions which, when displayed for public view, should be held

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as sacred. To commence to point out a trick of technique here and there, a slip of the brush or the pencil, is frivolous and insipid. The ideas portrayed are the primary consideration. The lifting of these ideas into the ideal and clothing all our earthly relations and surroundings with beauty and sentiment, ennobling our lives and raising them out of the vulgar and the common, is the lofty aim of the artist. We bow with profound respect to the Royal Canadian Academy.

Of portraits there are not a few. Carlyle says that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever, and that they ought to exist in every country as among the most popular and cherished national possessions. Truly, if the Royal Canadian Academy be the means of preserving these personalities which are in themselves an epitomized history of our social life (that is, if the representation be extended to all classes), they are historians as well as painters. They make posterity their heavy debtors and build for themselves a monument more lasting than brass. Every year sees additions to the historical wealth of the country in portraits stored away in public hall or private room. If the Academy will resurrect, ere it be too late, the many earlier characters which have left their impress upon the life of the land, it will be well. Citizens who lay claim to any measure of patriotism should make this an easy duty.

We doubt not that all the portraits are faithful representations of the individuals who posed for them. Some contain, of course, greater artistic merit than others. Those of Mr. Harris approach very near indeed what we are accustomed to consider the style of old masters, notably that of John Hammond, R.C.A. F. M. Bell-Smith shows three, that of Mrs. Gale being specially pleasing. Miss Carlyle displays in hers delicacy and sweetness combined with power and richness unusual in so young a lady. J. W. L. Forster's work is well known to Canadians and speaks for itself—it is always a correct likeness of his subject. We could wish the pose of Dr. Kingsford to have been more suggestive of a reliable framework beneath. In Hon. G. W. Allan, E. Wylly Grier has had a most difficult undertaking. To represent the anatomy of a man, which is essential, beneath the weight of such cumbersome vestiture, and that a living man, with the mien and carriage of the dignified official, is indeed a work of art. Without this predominant feeling of life the painting resolves itself into an excellent study in still-life, which it most certainly is not. All is order, and dignity, and repose, except in the region of the head, which leaves the distressing feeling that the honorable subject is in perpetual contact with a strong gust of wind. We think, in the interest of art, Mr. Grier should have idealized somewhat with hair and whiskers.

In the portrait study by Miss Winch we have art that is in no sense importation, but quite our own, Miss Winch having, I am told, studied in Toronto only. We congratulate her upon the success of her refined study. There is much good painting in the portrait exhibited by Mr. Sherwood. R. F. Gagen, who excels in miniature painting, has two very dainty subjects indeed which none should fail to see.

And yet with all the merit—and there is much—in these portraits, there is a lack which is general. The sense of profundity, which in reality lies always in the surroundings of a subject in the space beyond; the luminosity in that space; the vibrations of the air containing those musical gradations of harmony so palpable to the soul of such as Corot, and which he so truly expressed as to gain for him the title of the Schubert, and again the Mozart, of landscape, and by which we are always surrounded, if the ears of the soul are open to its cadences—these are not present to any great degree in the portraits now in the Academy. Such were, however, the actual conditions under which each subject posed. None were

securely tacked to a flat surface. Further, we believe that the introduction of such accessories as clearly indicate the modes of the subject, his manner of life, would greatly accentuate the individuality and constitute a far more telling and truthful representation of the character intended. We know full well that in no case should the identity of the individual be merged in his surroundings.

Still-life is very meagrely represented, although why it is so is not very clear. When art can enter into the commonplace of life so as to raise it into the ideal, and surround our trivial rounds and common tasks with beauty and sentiment, surely its work is worthy. This the study of still-life does successfully. It idealizes the brass kettle in the kitchen and the exquisite lights of our glassware. It is a powerful antidote to the drudgery and monotony of everyday life. Let artists tell us what we look at every day but never see until their magic wand transforms it into a thing of beauty. A very beautiful study of plums and a brass pot is shown by Miss Geldart.

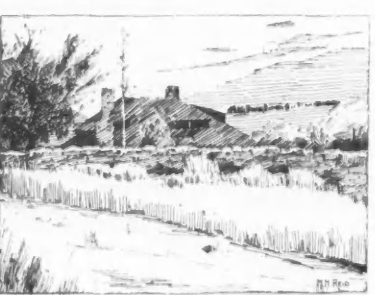
One of the distinguishing features which makes this exhibition superior to all previous ones is the number and excellence of the figure subjects. This is a reliable indication of progress and we are glad to know it will continue. A class in study from the nude is held two evenings every week during the winter season in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal at the expense of the Academy. This is an absolute necessity to all wishing to excel particularly in figure painting. We may expect in the near future groups of figures. No historical groups



SMOKY WEATHER.
CARL AHNENS, A.R.C.A.

have been attempted. Neither have any ventured into the region of the ideal, the embodying of truth, of metaphysical ideas in beautiful forms. Nor have any, with one exception, attempted those subjects which have in all time engaged the attention of the greatest painters—the religious. We do the Academy the honor of believing these their legitimate subjects. The largest figure subject is that of F. McGillivray Knowles. The idea is to express emotions of grief and horror as they would be shown by a character such as Hero, under her circumstances. All must admit that Mr. Knowles has succeeded both in his interpretation of his character and the rendering of her expression of it; and further, if beauty be the truth of art he has been able to do all this in a most artistic way. Those who see in this picture merely a lovely woman, in realistic surroundings, have not caught anything of the spirit of early mythology. It delights one to see such a subject attempted. None should fail to see, and see again, the figure subjects of R. P. Harris. For richness of coloring, artistic dress and pose, manifest life and sympathetic setting, they are the work of a great artist. In striking contrast to these, as far as detail is concerned, are the sketches of Miss Munty. With the disadvantages arising from want of background, there are yet musical symphonies in notes of truest harmony, sweetness and power. Miss Tully has two good subjects. The self-abandonment and utter absorption indicated in William Brymer's Girls is delightful, as also in F. Brownell's Reader. The brilliant lights and deep shadows, and predominant air of sentiment, makes F. S. Challener's Relic of the Past true art.

T. M. Martin, Miss Ford, Miss Hillyard, E. M. Morris, Mrs. Schriber, Miss Elliot, Miss Living and C. E. Moss all contribute in figure subjects, and none are lacking in excellent qualities. Several interiors are to be seen. Reading to



STUDIO IN THE CATSKILLS.
M. H. REID, A.R.C.A.

my Mother, by Miss Carlyle, is full of rich coloring delightfully harmonious. The Modeler contains immense detail. Miss Hagerty sends several Dutch interiors, containing indications of power in treatment. We are glad to see a French-Canadian interior by E. Morris. If the members of the Academy would do another good thing for their country—all these suggestions are gratuitous—they will make immortal, as far as paint can make immortal, many of the interiors of those homes in our Dominion where the foundation stones of our national life have been laid, and which have made art possible in Canada. The figure of sweet dignity and yet marked individuality which stands out so essentially separate from her surroundings in C. E. Moss's Fireside Reveries, is full of suggestion. Another delightful interior is that in which a woman spinning, her child looking on—I have not at present the artist's name. You can almost hear the hum of the wheel as it flies. The wool is most woolly. The concentrated attention of both mother and child indicates their absorption in the occupation. Flowers are few and confined to roses, lilacs,

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chrysanthemums, petunias. We wonder that so little attempt has ever been made to portray our native wild flowers in permanent fashion. There is room here for some artist—she must be a lady, of course, to make her name immortal in this line. The panel of yellow roses painted by Mrs. Reid repays prolonged study, and in it will ever be found new delights of color and feeling and composition.

Several dogs have been admitted into the sacred precincts of the Academy and carry themselves with a due sense of their importance and very distinctive qualities of birth and breeding. Mr. Staples' Irish Setter has a characteristic twinkle in his eye, while the St. Bernard of Mr. Sherwood takes life more seriously. A black cat has also strayed in, and why not? If it were not for F. A. Verner, Canadians would ever long forget that such animals as buffaloes ever roamed the vast prairies and fed the Indians.

We hope to speak of the landscapes and also of the mural decoration next week.

We beg to remind our readers of the lecture to be delivered under the auspices of the Rosedale League of School Art in the Rosedale school, on Saturday, March 12, at three p.m., when Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., will lecture on The Importance of the Imagination in a Sound Education.

The W. A. A. will also remember their sketch class at Miss Kerr's, 70 Howard street.

The newspapers are for once showing some attention to art—at all events letting the country know that the R.C.A. exhibition is now being held in Toronto. JEAN GRANT.

It Was a Good Tip.

One of New York's leading financiers was quite young when he was advised to open a bank account. "It will be excellent training for you," said his mentor, who was no less than a Governor of the State.

The young man was duly impressed, and, meeting his friend a year later, thanked him warmly, saying that he had never in his life done anything so good as keeping that account.

"That's good," said the Governor; "it will teach you business habits and frugality."

"Yes, I believe it will," said the young man. "The account is overdrawn just now, but I find it a great accommodation."

"Updyke is an exceedingly quick-witted chap," "So?" "Yes. For instance, last night, at Jammer's party, he unfortunately stepped on Miss Quickfire's dress and ripped in the neighborhood of three miles of ruffle off it." "I see. He immediately mollified her by some exceedingly witty apology?" "Not much! He immediately disappeared."—Puck.

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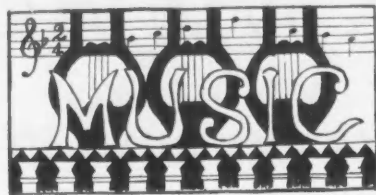
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The second concert for this season of the Toronto Chamber Music Association which was given on Saturday evening last in Association Hall, attracted an audience representative of the wealth and musical culture of the city. A programme of decided interest was presented, and the verdict of those present was most favorable as to the artistic merits of the Spiering Quartette of Chicago, the organization specially engaged for the concert, and which on this occasion made its first appearance in this city. In the refined finish of their playing and in their admirable ensemble, the Spiering Quartette ranks with the very best organizations of the kind on this continent. Schubert's delightful quartette in D, op. 161, and Beethoven's splendid quartette in G op. 18, No. 2, were presented in a manner which left little to be desired. Individually and collectively the players forming the quartette proved themselves to be an admirably chosen organization. The technical attainments of the performers and their superior musicianship were constantly in evidence during the performance of the charming and representative works selected for the occasion. Seldom has an interpretation of chamber music been heard in Toronto which surpassed in finish and balance the club's artistic work in Schubert's melodious quartette and in Beethoven's wonderful creation, the quartette in G, both of which are among the most attractive works in the repertoire of music of this class. The solo playing of Herr Spiering, first violinist of the quartette, was much admired and warmly applauded. His style is solid rather than brilliant, and his playing generally of a thoughtful and subdued character. The enthusiastic reception given the club may be taken as an indication of the growth of a taste for chamber music in this city, a fact upon which the ladies constituting the managing committee of the Toronto Chamber Music Association are to be congratulated. The vocalist of the occasion, Miss Grace Buck of Chicago, did not contribute much to the success of the concert. Miss Buck, who has an attractive stage presence and has evidently been a serious vocal student, lacks repose in her singing, and is deficient in the quality of her voice and in other features which are deemed requisite to success in a singer. Her intonation was decidedly faulty, and barring her excellent enunciation little in praise of her singing could be said. The audience, however, was generous in applauding the singer and several times recalled her. Mrs. S. Chadwick accompanied Miss Buck with rare skill and judgment.

The organist of an important town across the border has written a friend in England a most mournful tale of a conscience whose prickings are likely to move him to the unheard-of desperate act of throwing over his position and forever turning his back upon the "king of instruments." He says: "I give a continuous course of organ recitals (forty every season) and am the only organist in the city who can command a large audience all the year around. People think I am a good player; I am not. I never unlock the organ without a painful feeling that I would rather be shot than make an exhibition of my wretched technique. I get completely twisted up on any scale passages that occur (my feet apparently get tied into knots); sometimes I hit the right notes, more often I hit a note here and there; occasionally I dig wildly into any notes that are near my feet; often I start the phrase and stop half way through, or jump down an octave and finish an octave lower than I started; oftener still, I skip the passage altogether with a despair born of previous unhappy failures. A shallow cleverness allows me to hide all these shortcomings, and the church doors are locked at every recital to keep out the crowds (which always seems to me an excellent joke). If any man offered me a hundred pounds to play at the conclusion of one of my brilliant recitals any pedal scale in two octaves, I should be stamping on two notes (at once) half way through." The above will doubtless prove uncomfortable reading to a certain class of organ-players who have hard work persuading the public that they are not bad players. A contemporary solemnly remarks that the above letter suggests a nice point for ethical hair-splitters."

An Old Country musician, now resident and earning his bread and butter in Toronto, is somewhat disturbed concerning his remarks about the examinations which the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music propose introducing into Canada. He is indignant at the thought of colonial musicians criticizing these "art" tests of the Associated Board, and finds it difficult to understand how anyone in his right senses could for a moment presume to find fault with any scheme with which the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir A. Mackenzie and others are connected. He works himself into a state of excitement at what he regards as the presumption of Canadians, but evades the question at issue and makes no attempt to defend the trivial examinations outlined in SATURDAY NIGHT as taken from the syllabus issued by the Associated Board. The secretary of the scheme, Mr. Aitken, cleverly makes the most of the big names more or less intimately connected with the movement, in order to lend dignity to the little "art" tests to be submitted in Canada in the interests of "Imperial Federation" and for our musical advancement. In the course of a speech delivered before a Melbourne audience, Mr. Aitken said: "I wish to say to you that one of the objects I have dearest at heart is to see these examinations placed upon a paying and financially successful basis." This, I believe, represents the whole thing in a nutshell.

The concert given by the Toronto Conservatory String Orchestra in the Conservatory music hall on Monday evening last was a thoroughly enjoyable and artistic event. The audience was a large and representative one,

and the good work of Mrs. Adamson's effective band of players created a marked impression upon all present. In the character of the selections chosen and in the admirable manner in which they were interpreted, as well as in the marked improvement noticeable in the make-up of the orchestra, the concert of last Monday evening will rank as one of the very best yet given under Mrs. Adamson's baton. The assisting soloists were: Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto, Miss Lena Hayes, violinist, and Miss Franziska Heinrich, pianiste. Miss Bonsall was in excellent voice and rendered two numbers with her usual charming effect. The admirable violin playing of Miss Hayes won for that young lady a decided ovation. She was repeatedly recalled. Miss Heinrich's brilliant playing of the Mendelssohn concerto, with Miss Kirkpatrick accompanying on a second piano, and with the additional accompaniment of an effective orchestra under Mr. Fisher's baton, was a feature of the programme. Miss Sarah Dallas, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss Mockridge, and Miss Denzil's Ladies' Chorus also took a very creditable part in the programme and added much to its success.

The University concert given in Massey Hall on Monday evening last, whilst not very largely attended, owing probably to lack of sufficient advertising, was in many respects a most admirable entertainment. The singing of the Glee Club, which on this occasion was conducted with much success by Mr. W. F. Robinson, and the playing of the various instrumental clubs of the institution have been so recently referred to in these columns that it will not be necessary to notice them in detail on this occasion. Of special interest was the splendid piano playing of the famous ensemble performers, the Sutor sisters of Baltimore. These gifted young ladies have won laurels in many countries as artists of exceptional talent and culture, and their remarkable achievements in Massey Hall on Monday evening last demonstrated clearly that their fame has been fairly won. They won a decided triumph and will be warmly welcomed should they again appear in this city. Mention should also be made of the singing of the talented young tenor, Mr. Bruce Bradley, whose numbers contributed materially to the success of the concert. Mr. Bradley is rapidly coming into notice as an accomplished singer, whose effective voice and refined style are certain eventually to bring him into wide prominence.

Dr. Villiers Stanford's Requiem Mass recently received its first production in America, the society which fulfilled the laudable ambition of being the first to produce the work on this continent being the Apollo Club of Chicago, an oratorio organization which is justly classed among the foremost in the world for its enterprise and artistic merit. Chicago critics do not speak highly of Dr. Stanford's new work. Despite an admirable performance of the work, it created anything but a favorable impression on the audience. A prominent critic sums up his opinion of the mass as follows: "The most noticeable feature of the mass is the orchestration, which has always been Dr. Stanford's chief characteristic, and this he displays throughout the entire work. Fortunate it is that this is so, because beyond the opening chorale there is nothing strikingly original or inspiring. The effect upon the audience seemed to be one of boredom, the general impression being that the Apollo, while deserving all credit for the performance of the new requiem, might have devoted the time to a work of more favorable parts."

A cello recital at the Toronto College of Music by pupils of Mr. Paul Hahn, attracted a large audience to the concert hall of that prosperous institution on Thursday evening of last week. The conscientious work and ability of Mr. Hahn as an instructor were shown in the clever playing of Mr. Otto Torrington and Mr. A. M. Buley, who played a solo number each and took part with Miss Winnett, Miss Cassels and Mr. J. M. Copeland in several concerted numbers. The programme was varied through the excellent piano-playing of Miss Fannie Sullivan and the singing of Mr. Carnahan and Mme. Young. Miss Sullivan played a Chopin Valse, an etude by the same composer, Schult's Am Springbrunnen, and Nevin's Liebeslied, in all of which she displayed rare technical skill and much refinement and breadth of style. Mr. Carnahan and Mme. Young sang with their usual success, and the recital as a whole was a thoroughly enjoyable event, most creditable to all who took part in it.

A very successful concert was given at Toronto Junction on Friday evening of last week by members of the faculty of the Toronto Junction School of Music, assisted by M. Bernhard Walther and Miss Kerr. The tenor solos of Mr. Mercer were most enthusiastically received and encored. Miss Lillian Burns in her recitations, Mr. Walther and Miss Kerr in violin solos, and Miss Fletcher in several vocal numbers were uniformly successful. A trio for piano, violin and cello by Miss MacMillan, principal of the College, Miss Kerr and Miss Sidney, was admirably rendered, and the same may also be said of the selections given by the Harmony Quartette. The College is steadily growing and the artistic character of its entertainments and the generous patronage which is given them by the public are striking evidences of the need of such an institution at the Junction and of the tact which is being displayed by Miss MacMillan in supervising the operations of the new institution.

The concert of the Parkdale Choir, an organization under the leadership of Mr. A. M. Gorrie, which takes place in Massey Hall on April 5, promises to be one of great and varied interest. Beside the selections of Scottish music to be presented by the Choir, which will without doubt closely appeal to the strong Doric element of our musical public, the appearance of Mr. David Bi-pham, the eminent baritone, will excite the warmest enthusiasm in those who were fortunate in hearing him last year. Additional interest of a local character will attach to the concert through the fact that Mr. Bispham will include in his programme a song entitled The Song of the Reaper, composed by Edmund Hardy of this city. The services of Miss Tessa McCallum, the talented elocutionist, have been secured for the occasion. The subscribers' list, which has already assumed very

assuring proportions, is open at Nordheimer's and Tyrrell's.

A reader enquires: "Is it true that the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Frederic Cowen and others were ever connected with the London College of Music, Limited, which concern made an attempt to start up in the examination business in Canada last year? And can it be true that this institution peddled diplomas and titles in England, without examination, and only mended its ways when it was shown up in the police courts of that country? And is it really true that the names of the gentlemen mentioned, and of other leading musicians of England, appeared on these diplomas?" The very pertinent questions propounded here furnish a sad commentary on the examination and musical degree craze existing across the Atlantic, and also would serve to show that too great faith should not always be placed in the value of "names" connected with many of the money-making dodges of the Old Sod.

A vocal recital by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley attracted a very large and appreciative audience to the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week. A programme of much merit was carried out by the following pupils: Mrs. Stone, Mrs. McGolpin, Mrs. Chivrell, Misses Hunt, Bull, Brown, James, Church, and Messrs. Bruce Bradley and Will Richardson. The work of these pupils reflected great credit upon Mrs. Bradley and furnished an enjoyable evening of music to the large numbers who had gathered to hear the recital. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss Florence Tilley and Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, talented piano pupils respectively of Messrs. J. W. F. Harrison and Edward Fisher; and by Miss Florence Ruthven, A.T.C.M., elocutionist, and Miss Louie Fulton, violinist, who played several violin obligatos to vocal solos with rare taste and judgment.

A very interesting and successful piano recital was given at Moulton College on Friday evening of last week by pupils of the institution. The programme embraced compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Paderewski, Schubert, Widor and Borowski, and was carried out in a manner which illustrated clearly the thorough work which is being done in the musical department of the College. The performers were: Misses Nicholas, Eckhardt, Hume, Brophy, Wright and Gibson. Several choruses were rendered by the College Glee Club, and songs were contributed by Misses Wrigley and Johnson, both of whom displayed good talent.

The advanced pupils of Mr. McNally, Herr Klingensfeld, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Jeffers gave their regular fortnightly recital last Saturday at 60 Isabella street. Compositions by Bach, Schubert, Barzeli, Mendelssohn, Heller, Gottschalk and Chopin were rendered with marked success, and the recital had a decided artistic value both as to the programme chosen and the manner in which the various numbers were interpreted. Those taking part were Misses Williams, De Mure, Muirhead, Thompson, McKenzie, Williamson, and Mr. Oscar Taylor.

Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer have just published a very effective song by Miss Maude Fairbairn, entitled My Love for Thee. Miss Fairbairn, who is a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in the violin department, is possessed of decided talent for composition. Her songs are always melodious and musicianly, qualities which are particularly strong in the composition just issued by Messrs. Nordheimer. My Love for Thee is published in two keys, for low and medium voices.

Mr. S. T. Church has been elected chairman of the Toronto Festival Chorus Committee, a position for which his tact and business ability eminently fit him. I understand that the Festival Chorus is meeting with marked success in its rehearsals, the quality and number of voices giving every promise of artistic results. There is decided need for such an organization in Toronto, and its work should be encouraged by all who feel an interest in the development of oratorio in this city.

In response to repeated invitations and requests from the Prairie Province, Miss Ida McLean, the popular soprano, has been making a month's concert tour through Manitoba. She sang at Winnipeg recently and the critics of that city speak in warm terms of praise of her voice and artistic singing. Miss McLean returns on March 19 to fill engagements in Toronto and vicinity.

Mrs. Charles Crowley, who has recently been in great demand as a concert singer in various parts of Canada, has been engaged to sing for the Detroit Philharmonic Club at one of their concerts in Detroit. Mrs. Crowley is one of the most brilliant of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam's pupils and her success is a striking proof of his ability as an instructor.

Miss Louise Sauermann, a former member of Jarvis Street Baptist church choir, has been appointed directress of the choir of the Presbyterian church, Parry Sound. MODERATO.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. S. Hugh Brockunier of Wheeling, West Virginia, who has been visiting in Toronto for three months, left for home yesterday, but will probably return in the spring.

The sad news of the unexpected death of the only son of Colonel Milligan of Bromley House very much shocked the large circle of the family's friends. The remains were brought home this week and interred. Much sympathy is everywhere expressed for the colonel and his amiable wife and daughters.

Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh has not been well for some weeks, and I hear is thinking of going abroad for change.

Mrs. and Miss Case returned from Dannsville enchanted with that resort, and have since Friday been entertaining Mrs. and Miss Blackburn of Glencoe, with whom Mrs. Case returned to their home for a week's visit yesterday.

On Friday evening of last week a large and jolly dinner was given at the Hunt Club, to which the guests were taken in a private car, by Mr. Alfred Beardmore, who is doing his best to make his friends forget that his charming wife is still away in England, by his kind, capable and hospitable care. Two dozen congenial souls were of the Hunt Club dinner party, and the pretty table, the bright company, and the fair moonlit evening were all suited one to another. I hear that Mrs. Beardmore is regaining vigor and health in one of the most popular of south of England watering-places.

The Ladies' Golf Club of Rosedale held their annual meeting at the club house on Wednesday.

One young lady in Toronto is practicing in her first youth the secret of growing old gracefully. On the ninth of last March Llawhaden was *en fete* to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the only and idolized child of the house, and the bright anniversary was kept with much *verve* and heartiness. On last Wednesday evening another year's progress was marked by a beautiful dinner-party given to an appropriate number of young friends of Miss Melvin-Jones. Covers were laid for twenty-two. The banquet-table was daintily done in pink with chiffon ribbon, garlands, and many exquisite roses. Hearty good wishes were offered to the young hostess, and that her favorite flower may ever strew life's pathway is the hope of all her friends. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a lovely gown of pure white satin, and the young ladies of her birthday dinner-party were unusually smart. These included: Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Mackay of Dundonald, Miss Jessie Rowand, Miss May Walker, Miss Blanchard, Miss Sascha Young, the Misses Elsie and Jean Clarke, Miss Evelyn Cox, and as cavaliers Messrs. Clarke, Macdonald, Hugo Ross, Kelly Evans, Sweeny, Cockburn, Reg. Temple, Wynder Strathy and Gault.

Miss Margaret Moncur of Hamilton is in town, the guest of Colonel and Mrs. R. L. Nelles. Letters from that lovely singer, Miss Edith J. Miller, telling of her success in New York, have gladdened many true friends in Toronto. Miss Miller's grand contralto is to be the delight of the congregation of St. Bartholomew's church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street, for the future. She is now studying with Mr. George Sweet in New York. Miss Toller of Ottawa, daughter of Colonel Toller, and Miss Alix Macdonald are the guests of Mrs. Arthur W. Ross. Mrs. W. G. Hannah entertained the Brunswick Progressive Euchre Club this week at her home, 21 Brunswick avenue. Congratulations to Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere on the arrival of a little daughter! Mrs. Lash gave a pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. (Prof.) McLaren entertained at luncheon on Thursday. Miss Agnes Dunlop's *petite* figure was seen on King street on a short visit to town this week. Miss Anne Hendrie was also in town, quietly spending a few days with Mrs. J. D. Hay. Miss Flora Schram of London left for home on Wednesday, after spending an enjoyable visit with Miss Towers, Shaw street. Miss Anna Fitzgerald and Miss Lily Fitzgerald went this week to Preston Springs.

Signor Delasco's studio was packed with the friends of the great basso on Friday afternoon of last week, when the always enjoyable *musical* was on the *tapis*. The studio itself is a fine and spacious apartment flooded with sunlight from south and west windows, and furnished judiciously and artistically. Deep crimson draperies dotted with *deux de lys* are at the immense windows, the classic columns are wreathed with violets, and on a small dais in the south-west angle stands the grand piano, and many a good song is sung thereto. Laying aside criticism where personal interest rather than artistic standard is the measure of applause, the most taking number on the programme was Miss Violet Gooderham's song, and the dark-haired Hebe showed great improvement and vocal development under Signor Delasco's tuition. Her voice was true, sweet and full, and her method careful and earnest. Miss James and Mr. Delasco, Monsieur Bernhard Walther, in a beautiful violin solo, Miss Pugsley, Mr. Dancy, Misses Ella and Lola Roman, and the Italian orchestra, completed a most enjoyable programme, cleverly gotten up upon a large card, on the reverse of which was a pretty picture of the studio set with its cosy chairs, stately palms and occasional tables. Among the guests were many well known social lights, some of them pupils and ex-pupils, and the late comers were unfortunately obliged to content themselves with a place in the corridor and the sound of the host's big voice rolling out his favorite selections from Faust, for the studio was completely filled in very short order. A few of those I noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. J. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson of New York, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. J. Stanton King, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Patriarche, the Misses Coates, Mrs. James

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Pringle, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. and Miss Mackay, Miss Mackenzie, Miss MacMurchy, Miss Lily Lee, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Arthur Meredith, and Mrs. and Miss Houston. Mrs. Delasco received very gracefully at the entrance to the ante-room, in which tea was presently served.

Mrs. G. P. Sylvester of 385 Church street arrived home on Tuesday after a long visit in Montreal and Sherbrooke.

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NOTICE
The annual meeting of the shareholders of THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited, will be held at the offices of the Company, 26 Adelaide Street West, on Wednesday, March 16, at 4 o'clock, when the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.
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Social and Personal.

Bishop DuMoulin continues to improve and will soon be, it is hoped, quite his old self again.

The engagement of Mr. Adam Beck of London and Miss Ottaway of Hamilton, daughter of charming Mrs. Crear, is announced.

The Reading Club at the Bain Book Co.'s store in King street is limited to one hundred and fifty subscribers. All of the latest novels are of course to be had, and any book not exceeding \$1.50 in value may be taken out for one week on pre-payment of 25 cts. It is sometimes worth a good deal more than that to secure the very book one wants upon the very day one wants it. Among the new books at the disposal of members are Quo Vadis, An Untold Love Story, The Gadfly, The Christian, The Choir Invisible, and other equally interesting volumes of fiction.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kappele returned on Wednesday from a short visit in Detroit. Mrs. Bicknell has gone for a time to Clifton Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier of Ottawa paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville this week, returning home on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Donald of Detroit arrived on a visit to Mrs. Neville on Thursday.

Miss Williams, Stitt's successful dressmaker and designer, has been down in New York for the openings, and the head milliner of this smart *magasin* has also seen the charming creations for Easter week which are beautifying Gotham's emporiums. Needless to add that they have returned brimful of new and *chic* ideas.

The Toronto School of Cookery are giving a course of invalid cookery on Friday mornings at 18 Elm street. A course of six lessons is one dollar, and a single lesson twenty-five cents.

Mrs. James Sinclair of Wellesley street gave a brilliant progressive euchre on Tuesday evening, the interior of the lovely home being a mass of reflections of pretty lamps, candelabra, and, let me say it, pretty women, reflecting in the many massive mirrors that adorn the walls, while through the rooms, palms, pink carnations and daffodils were in abundance. Mrs. Sinclair wore a handsome gown of black and pink silk and received her guests in her own charming and natural way. There were twelve tables, and after the games were called off handsome guilpures covers were laid and delicious refreshments served by the host, hostess and her two handsome sons. Mrs. R. Brown was the winner of a pretty Dresden candlestick, shaded in bright chiffon, while Mr. Sheridan won a handsome pack of cards. Poor Mrs. Pearson was given a tiny pack for the one punch she well deserved, while Mr. Wheeler was sent home with a pocketful of alleys.

Church parade in Hyde Park is one of society's weekly rendezvous in old London. A daily church parade may be seen from Church street to Yonge about one o'clock, when the noon service at St. James's is dismissed. The rector's lectures have taken great hold on his hearers.

Mrs. Charles McGill of Peterboro' and Mrs. Mortimer Foster of Guelph are staying at Mrs. MacIntyre's in Huron street.

The Toronto Musical Improvement Club met again last night. A programme of exceptional merit was rendered by the following artists: Mrs. A. Moir Dow, Miss Donaldson, reader, Misses Morton, Steward and Milligan, and Messrs. Hill, Fisher, Beals and Barron. Ald. Hallam presided.

Miss Mowat's Thursday was, as usual, largely attended by many visitors, among them several prominent strangers.

"Wyatt's Pets," those erstwhile irrepressibles known as Murray's Dandies, gave their company dinner one evening recently, and I am credibly informed that so much fun has never been crowded into so few hours at an affair of the sort. The jolly boys of the Q. O. R. are

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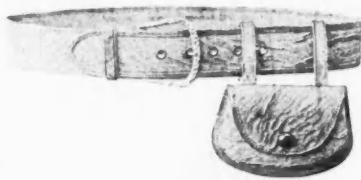
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both witty and philosophical, and the smartest joke raises a great laugh even if directed against the personal fads or weaknesses of the most august personage present. A striking instance of this was the bursting into song of the boys when their popular captain was the center of attraction. "Come back with hair on!" was the disrespectful but affectionate translation of the well known Irish ditty with which they greeted him, and no one laughed harder than the handsome officer on whose cranium nature is quickly restoring a glossy and hirsute covering. Major Murray, the former daddy of the dandies, is now lovingly saluted as gran-pa, and the title of daddy has fallen to Captain Wyatt. It is such hearty good-fellowship and understanding that binds men together and in peace as well as war makes them invincible.

Monday's concert, with the great Ysaye, wizard of the strings; Trebelli, the magnificent songstress, and a possible Piancon, is a notable event, even in the Massey Hall list. Mr. Suckling was, at time of going to press, holding down a telegraph wire on Piancon. Ysaye! Trebelli! Piancon!!!

On March 2 a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. W. J. McMaster, 590 Spadina avenue, who is the brother-in-law of the bride, Miss Aggie Campbell, daughter of Mr. Thomas Campbell of Toronto. Mr. John H. G. Russell, architect, of Winnipeg, was the other contracting party. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. McTavish, assisted by Rev. Stuart M. Campbell, brother of the bride, and Mr. Norman H. Russell of India, brother of

the groom. Miss Edna Scott took the part of bridesmaid, Mr. Guy Gordon was groomsmen, and Misses Joy Langlois and Ruth McMaster acted as ribbon girls. The happy couple are en tour in the West.

At a special meeting of the ladies who arranged the Art Loan Exhibition, held on Wednesday afternoon, an address of thanks was tendered Mr. Frank Yeigh for his services, and he was presented with two beautiful specimens of ceramic art.

Miss Amy Riordan and Mr. Seton Blanchard Pemberton of London, Eng., are to be married on April 16 at St. Catharines.

Sir Oliver Mowat attended the immense dinner given on Wednesday evening by the Q.O.R. in the Pavilion, and the most excellent menu was provided by Albert Williams. Many ladies were in the galleries.

Miss Helen Milligan returned from New York and Miss Yda Milligan from Ottawa this week, brought here by the bereavement which has come so suddenly to the family.

Mr. Shaw of the Bank of Montreal is absent from his post in that well known office on account of illness.

In the Bank Hockey League this year again the Bank of Commerce is victorious. Last Thursday evening decided it, when the Bank of Toronto team was beaten after an exciting game.

On Wednesday afternoon the marriage of Mr. Frank E. N. Boulter to Miss Ida Gertrude Bongard of Toronto occurred in St. James' Square Presbyterian church. Rev. Louis Jordan officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Boulter left for the East the same evening. Mrs. Boulter will receive at the residence of Mrs. Graves, Picton, on March 23 and 24.

Mrs. Sparham of Ridgeway is visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stammers of Grove avenue.

Mrs. John Strickland of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Charles Playter, 1 Seaton street.

The entertainment provided at the Toronto Athletic Club last Saturday evening was, as usual, well patronized, and possessed the novelty of a game of baseball in the big "gym." This, I believe, is the first appearance of indoor baseball in Toronto. It was enjoyed, and will appear again. After the game, songs and recitations were provided. Next Thursday even-

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ing—the glorious 17th of March—is ladies' night at this big club. An entertainment somewhat similar to the last one will be given, after which will be dancing.

Selecting a Suit.

Styles in gentlemen's clothing are next to settled for Spring, and it is now in order with safety to place orders for Spring suits and overcoats. Perhaps no man in Canada so carefully selects and studies the needs of his clientele as does Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block. The season's importation shows many marvelously handsome weaves and color combinations, and yet no piece in the two hundred or three hundred exclusive suit-lengths could be construed as loud or a bit in bad taste. An added interest will center in Mr. T.'s collection of fine woollens because of the distinctness given, in the fact that in the many, many suit-lengths to select from, scarcely two alike. You are invited to inspect and select this week—a special emphasis on the "Taylor" seamless covert coat—original, unique and a faultless fitting garment.

First politician—Fine Congressman you have in your district! Put in half an hour trying to blow out the electric light. Second politician—He told me he was going to do that before he left for Washington. Makes him solid with the jay vote, see?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Howse—That was a very strange case of Van Stanton's. He left his home one day about four years ago, returned yesterday, and says he can't remember where he has been or what happened to him. Holmes—Let's see. What's the name of the last Vice-President of this country?—Puck.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ROCHEREAU DE LA SABLIERE—March 7, at 301 Jarvis street, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere of a daughter.
RAMSAY—Feb. 25, Mrs. William E. Ramsay—a daughter.
LEISHMAN—Mar. 5, Mrs. William H. Leishman—a son.
MONAGHAN—Feb. 28, Mrs. J. Monaghan—a son.
ROBINSON—Chelsea, Eng., Mar. 5, Mrs. C. W. Robinson—a son.
SANKEY—Mar. 2, Mrs. Villiers Sankey—a daughter.
COCKBURN—Mar. 3, Mrs. W. A. Cockburn—a daughter.

Marriages.

RUSSELL—CAMPBELL—On Wednesday, March 2, at the residence of Mr. W. J. McMaster, brother of the bride, by Rev. A. McTavish, assisted by Rev. Stuart M. Campbell of Chicago, brother of the bride, and Rev. Norman H. Russell of India, brother of the groom, Mr. John H. G. Russell, architect, of Winnipeg, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Campbell.
FAIRER—JAGOE—Feb. 5, at Christ church, (Protestant Episcopal) New York, Henry Farrer, son of Edward Farrer, White House, Rosedale, to Elsie Maude Jagoe.
BAIKTON—MARTIN—Mar. 8, Thomas Francis Barton to Lily Triphena Martin.
GRANTHAM—MACKENZIE—Mar. 5, Arthur M. Granttham to Gertrude Mary Mackenzie.

Deaths.

MURPHY—At the residence of her husband, Hunter street east, Hamilton, on Saturday last, the 5th inst., Mary, beloved wife of Mr. Michael Murphy.
HURST—March 7, Emma Hurst, aged 88.
BARRASS—March 6, Rev. E. Barrass, D.D., aged 77.
SCOTT—Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 28, Alfred Scott, aged 53.
STOREY—Acton, March 6, W. H. Storey, aged 61.
MCDONALD—March 5, Thomas McDonald, aged 43, and Marie, his daughter, aged 13.
WARNE—March 5, Edward S. Warne, aged 50.
LOUGHRANE—March 4, Mrs. Lougrane.
RICH—March 3, Sarah Elizabeth Rich, aged 67.
MUIRHEAD—March 3, James Muirhead, aged 82.
STEWART—Mosford, March 4, James Stewart, aged 72.
DACK—March 7, Edward Dack, aged 85.
MCCOY—March 7, Bernard McCoy, aged 88.

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